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For The New-Yorker.

AUTUMN.

THY presence, Autumn, in this Western land,
Is beautiful though sad: the breezes sigh
To nip the flowers they so long have fanned,
And weave Earth's shroud before her glories die.

Thy touch, though cold, is gentle and divine,
It kindles every leaf with gorgeous dyes,
And decks with garlands Nature's lonely shrine
Brighter than hung beneath the summer skies.

With a new beauty burns the sunset fire;
Behold it through the cool, transparent air,
O'er death resplendent like a funeral pyre,
Flushing the woodlands with a glory rare.

Autumn, thy sadness is not all of grief;
This is the land to watch the dying year,
Prolonged its coming and its prime how brief!
But rich the pomp that gathers round its bier!

Boston, Sept. 1839. H. T. T.

Review.

BLANCHE OF NAVARRE. A Play. By G. P. R. JAMES, Author of 'The Gentleman of the Old School,' 'The Huguenot,' 'The Gipsy,' 'The Robber,' &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

IF ever a writer was gifted with a fatal facility of composition, then is the author of this Play. His fecundity is inexhaustible. He breeds volume after volume, without seeming to undergo any of the usual pains of mental labor; and after each delivery he is not only as well, but, as a Frenchman would write it, as better as could be expected. The writing of a Play—a task hitherto esteemed of some magnitude—he performs as if it were an easy recreation. He makes it the amusement of his leisure hours, stolen from the more arduous business of concocting a novel. "Henry of Guise" is the name of a new romance, the first printed sheets of which we have already seen from the English press. But Mr. James exercises his abilities, not only upon dramas and prose-fictions, but upon history and biography. The papers advise that he is now in Germany, collecting materials for a life of 'Richard Cœur de Lion.' If he will but allow himself as much time in preparing the whole work, as an ordinary writer would in getting ready a dozen chapters of manuscript, he will make a deeply-interesting biography; for no living writer, either from the requisite knowledge or love of his subject, can sympathize so truly with the noble spirit of the age of Chivalry. Mr. James's early novels, no less than his 'Life of Charlemagne,' testify to this fact.

The scene of this play is in the Kingdom of Navarre. The heroine, 'Blanche,' is sister to the King—a high-souled, virtuous, beautiful creature—in a word, a Belinda of tragedy, such a heroine as Mrs. Edgeworth would have drawn—a bundle of perfections. The hero is a certain Francis of [illegible], a French Count, who is, in the beginning of the piece, 'a sad dog,' but, by the wondrous alchemy of love, gets transmuted into a state that borders upon sanctity. This change, wonderful as it is, is altogether surpassed by the unheard of rapidity with which he becomes convalescent, after a terrible fall and severe wound received in knightly encounter with one Don Ferdinand de Leyda, a highly-respectable and very common-place young nobleman, in the court of the King of Navarre. In the second Scene of the second Act, we have the Count of Foix 'in his chamber, seated in a chair,' which may be presumed to be a large, stuffed, easy chair—and grumbling at his sickness, and blowing up his Page for telling him to go to bed, and exclaiming.

'How tiresome are these drawling *days* of sickness!'

In the fourth Scene of the same Act, with a very short third Scene intervening, we have the Count of Foix recovered from his hurts, and remarking—

"Hail thee, returning health! I feel the blood
Run lighter through my veins; and the soft air,
Itself a balm to these exhausted limbs,
Comes burden'd, yet rejoicing, 'neath the weight
Of flowery perfumes rare; fine essences,
Distill'd by the great chymist of the sky
From all earth's fragrant leaves. How sickness gives
New edge to the dull'd sense, making it fresh
As childhood to the taste of simple joys
Forgotten in the pleasures of the world!"

This is very pretty; but that it should be uttered by one who, ten minutes before, (which ten minutes are passed in uninterrupted action and conversation by himself and others,) was so ill that he could not leave his chamber, is the hight of the ridiculous! Our author is a good novelist, but a very, very bad play-wright. He evidently never dreamed of the dramatic proprieties. If he had left the Count sick at the termination of one Act, and represented him as perfectly well at the commencement of the next, the imagination of the spectators would not have been so revolted by a gross impossibility. A single error like this, in representation, would ruin the play. It has other faults beside, which, as Yankees say, require a deal of 'fixing.' It begins and ends very abruptly. It wants a first and a last Scene. The first shows us the heroine Blanche, and all the Navarrese Court, in a Gothic hall in the palace, which is decorated for a royal bridal. This is 'opening' altogether too 'rich.' Blanche is the first person to speak, and her words are addressed to the King, in reference to the approach of 'Isabel of Valois,' his bride, and the future Queen of Navarre. Very soon this lady makes her *entrée* with proper state, accompanied by the French Embassador, guards, attendants, &c. Blanche takes the earliest opportunity to have some conversation with her new sister. Now this 'our sister and our Queen' is about as bad a young woman as Blanche is good. She is haughty, imperious, revengeful, and terribly in love with the Count of Foix, who is in her train, and with whom, it seems, she had formerly indulged in very reprehensible diversions. Her first object seems to be to get Blanche of Navarre into the cutting up of the same shines with the gay Count; although she is, at the same time, unaccountably opposed to any thing like a legitimate indulgence of the tender passion between her virtuous sister and wicked cousin. The Count himself, at first, entertains highly improper designs, and behaves very imprudently at the house of Don Ferdinand de Leyda, at a handsome supper given by that gentleman in honor of the King's nuptials. Much boast is made by the light chevalier of his former successes, and he drinks to his future intended conquest, 'Blanche of Navarre.' This toast creates a considerable rumpus, which Don Ferdinand quiets, and then '*vehemently*' utters the following pretty compliments to the lady:

"Her thoughts are bright and fair
As her fair face; pure as a saint's in heaven
From aught of evil. * * *
We see her actions—know her every deed.
Where is there sorrow, that she is not found
With aid and consolation in her train?
Where is there virtue, honor—where good deeds
To which the tongue of Blanche refuses praise?
Who is there wrong'd, to whom her voice denies
Its music eloquence, to plead the cause
Of the oppress'd, how great soe'er may be
The evil-doer?"

This moral is better than the physical eulogium, just afterwards pronounced by the Count, who speaks of a noble dame:

"At last night's ball, robed in dark purple,
With swanlike throat as fair as ivory,
Rising, like snow-drops from the early grass,
And on her brow a pearl, that dusky looked
By that it rested on."

Now the 'pearl' idea is pretty good, though by no means new; but as 'the early grass' is a pale green and the lady's dress 'dark purple,' we don't see how her neck, which was previously compared to ivory, can be likened to 'a snow-drop' in such a situation? So much for one of Mr. James' flights of poetry. Bulwer's idea, in the Duchess de la Valliere, of a lady's shaking blushes from her cheeks like rose-leaves, is nothing to it. After some farther banter, the Count and Don Ferdinand agree to fight.

The Second Act opens with a Scene which we will venture to say never was represented on the stage before—viz: 'an observatory with astronomical instruments lying about.' In it is a priest—and soon comes Blanche, who make the following among other sensible observations:

"Oh that this splendid scene, where God's pure truth
And universal love, in tides of light,
Pours, as if fountains of eternal splendor
Were opened in the east, to flood the heaven
With plenty-bearing rays; counseling man,
E'en by the very aspect of the sky,
To deeds of peace, and love, and charity:
Oh that this glorious scene should be a place
Of hate, malevolence, and calumny!
Look where the morning light rests peacefully,
Look a good father's blessing, on these towers
By the Taffalla gate!"

While looking out of the window, as she must while speaking the above, a couple of knights are observed fighting in a manner that is no joke. These of course are the Don and the Count. Then follows the sick scene we alluded to—in which comes in Queen Isabel, and, while the King is present, who does not appear to be at all jealous, but a most superlative ass, whispers to the Count his anxious fears. Blanche, who is there too, advises him to read poetry,

"The sweet lays of our own sunny land;
The tales of yours; the living poesy
Of men and ages which have past us by,
But, in the spirit of their lofty thoughts,
Live on immortal, and still rule the course
Of thought and human mind, affecting much
All feelings through all time.

In the next scene, the King catches Isabel 'on the sly,' going to console the Count. The next is the recovery scene—where the Count is preached unto by the priest and converted; less by the priest, however, than by the lady Blanche, who is so condescending as to visit him in company with the Queen.

In the first part of the third Act we have the Queen, plotting with Don Ferdinand how to expose the Count's real character to Blanche. But not to dwell on this, the result is that the Count, instead of being overheard to talk rudely, expresses himself in the handsomest manner, touching the virtues of the Princess. This throws the Queen into a fine fury, and she immediately sets about the ruin of Blanche and the Count. She tells her husband, the King, who is about as contemptible a dolt as could be imagined, that his sister is no better than she ought to be, because she was caught out after dark in the streets one night. The King believes her, and, in spite of his sister's protestations of her innocence, sends her off to an old castle in the country. Here we encounter another instance of Mr. James's contempt of dramatic propriety; for in the first Scene of the fourth Act, we have the Princess Blanche in a masquerade dress in the Court of Navarre talking to her brother; and, in the very next Scene, she is in a different dress in the Castle of Llanora, some score of miles distant. This beats any locomotive that we ever heard of—and outruns Ariel, though he 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes;' for the Princess utters the last speech in the first scene, and before the echo of her voice can have died away, she speaks the first speech in the next. Now we should like to know how Mr. James proposed in his own mind to have one scene close on his heroine at the Court of Navarre, and the next open on her at the Castle of Llanora? What is she to do, while the scenes are shifting? Is she, like Mr. Mathews, to change her dress by means of a trap-door, into which she can pop down and

from which she can pop up 'in the twinkling of a bedstead-post'? Verily, the author of this play can never have been within the walls of a theatre; he can know nothing of that law of physics either, which says that one body cannot be in two places at the same time, or, he would never have put a person in one place, right before the noses of the audience, and then, by the pulling of large screens, show her in a place altogether different? Signor Blitz and Monsieur Adrien would be put to their astonishments.

While Blanche is in the Castle, as aforesaid, the Count of Foix comes in disguised as a pilgrim, (lovers always disguise themselves as pilgrims,) and makes love to her and proposes to run away—which she does. By the vigilance of Queen Isabel, who is a perfect tigress, their flight is discovered; the Count is taken, and for no reason that we can discover, is thrown into prison and condemned to die. The people are abused with stories of Blanche's vileness, to reconcile them to this tyrannical and unjust murder of the French Count. But the Count is not murdered by any manner of means; for, just as he has bared his neck to the block, in rushes ambassadors from the King of France—threatening Philip of Navarre with the demolition of his throne by the King of France, should he kill so great a subject.

Philip winces at this, but Isabel insists upon his proceeding with the business. But he—poor devil as he is!—can say neither one thing nor another; and Isabel calls him all kinds of names, among which 'coward' and 'fool' are predominant. The latter, at all events, is richly merited. Not being able to effect her object or gratify her spirit of revenge, she amuses herself by tearing her hair and gazing wildly around. She then gives it to the whole *posse comitatis* in this wise,

"Fools! Madmen! Cowards! Traitors! Out on you!"

and then she shrieks violently and falls into the arms of her women and is carried off. Truly 'a good riddance of bad rubbage.' It should have been remarked that, with the French embassy and French guards bearing French banners, a litter with close curtains is borne in. From this suddenly emerges the Princess Blanche, who had not the most distant idea where she was, till she saw the paraphernalia of death. Of course she shrieks piercingly, and rushes helter skelter into the arms of the Count, who, having just read a speech about her, commencing like a herald's bombast, 'Blanche of Navarre! Blanche of Navarre!' does not say a single word afterwards! Blanche, too, after exclaiming' "Where am I?" observes a commendable silence, and lets Isabel and Don Ferdinand do all the talking.

Another proof of our author's total ignorance of stage-business is in exhibiting the Count of Foix in the third Scene of the fifth Act in a prison, and in the next Scene on the scaffold in the great square, with the King, Chancellor, guards, &c. all around. The question is, how do they get there?

The poetry of this drama is defective. There are but few striking and beautiful passages. The thoughts are tame and prosaic. They are hurried off in dashes. They evince the most decided lack of elaboration. But Mr. James will find the Muses coy damsels—not to be wooed and won in this off-hand manner. They require studious devotion; and unless their votaries are prepared to bestow it, they had better confine their worship to the shrine of Prose.

Anecdote from Marryat's Journal.—An American told me one day that a company had been working a coal-mine in an Eastern State, which proved to be of a very bad quality; they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate couched in such terms as these: "I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent me by the company at ——; and it is my decided opinion that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on that coal-mine will certainly be the last man who will be burned."

Mahometans.—A traveler says that during his long residence in Malta, and constant course of commercial transactions with the professors of the Mahometan creed, he never heard of an unpaid debt or violated obligation; and that it is a usual mode of traffic in the market towns, throughout Turkey, for the farmers and hucksters to leave their fowls, eggs, butter, &c. in baskets, with the prices affixed, and to return in the evening in perfect security of finding the article as they left it, or the exact price deposited in the place of just so much of it as had found a purchaser.

For The New-Yorker.

STANZAS TO LELIA.

Come to thy mother's grave,
Maid of the tearful eye,
Where the yew and the willow gently wave,
As her sainted shade glides by;
And there will I breathe a vow
I have pledged unto none before,
As I twine the tomb-flowers round thy brow,
And talk of the Better Shore.

O, shun the world's turmoil,
And its dark wiles, young maid!
And seek thy mother's lingering smile
Upon the eve-lit glade.
Thy sorrow holy is,
As pure saint's virgin hymn,
When he awakes from death in bliss
'Mong harping seraphim.

Let not the festal hall
Thy spirit's temple be;
Allow not Pleasure's syren call
To prove a spell for thee.
Thy youth's ethereal dew
Yet lingers in thy heart:
Unto thy birth right high be true:
Remember who thou art.

Daughter of her who fair
Hath passed into the sky,
And far from earth and earthly care
Hath star-like oped her eye—
On that pure sky of love
She oft beheld in dreams,
When pining for her rest above,
By Heaven's harmonious streams.

Let not the world's wide wing
Thy heart's bloom brush away,
But nurse it in eternal Spring,
For heaven's undying day:
Like the cold, desolate nest
Left on the leafless tree,
Is the heart within this orphan breast
Without thee, Lelia! thee!

Then come to thy mother's tomb!
Each leaf, each wild flower there,
Each star that gems the tender gloom,
Shall chasten our despair:
She was my chosen friend,
Worthy a second mother:
Together at her grave we 'll bend,
And cherish one another.

The stars, from slumber stirred,
Our witnesses shall be;
The stilly night's melodious bird
Shall glad each funeral tree.
The solemn Curfew Bell,
Dim shadows calling round,
Like Melancholy's witching spell
Shall sanctify the ground.

And we shall watch, below,
The city's lights appear;
But o'er our heads the stars shall glow,
And round the dew-drops clear.
The music of the gay
Will coldly reach us there;
But round us heaven's sweet winds shall play,
And voices in the air.

Then come to thy mother's grave,
Maid of the tearful eye!
Where the yew and the willow gently wave,
As her sainted shade glides by;
And there will I breathe a vow
I have pledged unto none before,
As I twine the tomb-flower round thy brow,
And talk of the Better Shore!

Paris, Nov. 12, 1838. W. F.

Old Men more willingly talk of age than hear others talk of it; and neither fool nor philosopher likes to think of the time when he shall talk no longer.

Scientific Essays....No. I.

BY PROF. W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

MINERAL COAL IS NOT A VEGETABLE PRODUCT.

Messrs. Editors: My judgement upon this subject has been made up these seven years; but as my opinions are novel, I was advised not to make them generally public till after more mature deliberation. My subsequent observations and study have confirmed me in their truth, and rendered me entirely willing to submit them to the judgement and criticism of my fellow men. I do not expect they will be received as orthodox by the geologists of the day who have, by their labors, achieved more or less distinction. On the contrary, I am prepared to expect that they will meet with that neglect, contempt and prejudice which have ever attended a new discovery or a bold innovation in science or arts. I do not write for those whose reputation is committed before the public, but for those who are endeavoring to form a judgement upon the subject—those who have reputation to make—those who are entirely uncommitted—those who have no prepossessions or prejudices to serve at the expense of *truth*.

Having come to these conclusions, it only remained for me to select a channel for their communication which shall be respectable and extensive in its circulation. Their appearance will indicate the choice I have made, and time will tell whether it was judicious. With these prefatory remarks, I proceed to my subject.

Mineral coal is very generally attributed to a vegetable origin, and much evidence has been collected and ingeniously wielded to support the theory. Occasionally, however, an individual is found denying its truth—not because evidence has been adduced of its untruth, but because its admission does not explain the various phenomena which are connected with coal formations. Such is the case with Malte-Brun, who says that "the simplicity of this theory does not account for the complicated circumstances connected with the position of the coal." He farther remarks that—

"According to Delametherie, the intermediate beds which separate the strata of coal preserve, as well as these strata, a constant parallelism between them. This parallelism is so much the more remarkable, that there are beds of coal that are scarcely an inch in thickness, although often several leagues in extent. It has been concluded, and with sufficient probability, that these beds were formed in the interior lakes, and crystalized in calm waters."

This opinion has been frequently expressed; but inasmuch as it has not been sustained by facts and legitimate inductions, it does, consequently, furnish no explanation of that complicated cause which produced the 'complicated circumstances' that exist in connection with coal; and therefore it has exerted no influence against the apparently *prima facie* character of the evidence that sustains the *theory* which attributes it to a vegetable origin—as will be seen by the following extracts:

"The vegetable origin of common mineral coal appears to be established by its association with strata abounding in vegetable impressions, by its close similarity to wood coal, (which is undoubtedly a vegetable product,) and lastly, by the decisive fact that some mineral in the Dudley coal mine is entirely composed of the layers of mineralized plants."—*Bakewell*, p. 122.

"When we see the multitude of reeds filled and surrounded with sand-stone, having their thin, scaly bark converted into a true coal, it is impossible to doubt of its vegetable origin."—*Ure's New System of Geology*, p. 166.

"Bituminous coal, belonging to the era of the earlier secondary, seems now to have been formed, as there is great reason to believe, from submerged and inhumed wood, and other vegetables whose vestiges are so numerous in the coal mines."—*Silliman's Outlines of a Course of Lectures.*

"I have heretofore been inclined to attribute anthracite coal to a direct mineral creation. The opinion of its vegetable origin appears, however, to me less improbable, since I have seen, with my own eyes, the incontrovertible and abundant proofs of vegetable life in these mines."—*Silliman's Visit to the Anthracite Region of Pennsylvania; American Journal of Science*, vol. 18.

"By *general consent*, the coal is considered as resulting from the distribution of a large body of vegetable remains over areas of greater or less extent, upon a previously deposited surface of sand, argillaceous silt, or mud, but principally the latter, now compressed into shale. After the distribution of the vegetables, other sands, silt or mud, were accumulated upon them; and this kind of operation was continued irregularly for a considerable time, during which there was an abundant growth of similar vegetables at no very distant place, to be suddenly, at least in part, destroyed and distributed over considerable areas on the more common detritus."—*De La Beche's Geological Manual, published* 1836.

Having placed the fact beyond dispute that a large majority of geologists, and the learned generally, entertain the opinion that mineral coal is a vegetable product, I will state the sources from which the evidence has been drawn to support it, and then examine them in detail. In the latter I will attempt that which never has been done—namely, to show that *this opinion* is not *true*.

1. The chemical composition of mineral coal.
2. The analogy that exists between mineral coal and vegetable charcoal.
3. The association of vegetable impressions with mineral coal.
4. Lignite, a species of coal representing vegetable forms.
5. The accumulation and preservation of vegetable matter called peat.
6. Accumulation of rafts of drifted trees.

I. The fact, that the chemical composition of mineral coal is analogous to that of vegetable matter, has been regarded as strongly favorable to the theory that maintains coal to be a vegetable product. But it must be recollected that this is not the case with all the mineral coals; for anthracite contains neither hydrogen nor oxygen, two elements which are always present in vegetable matter. All the coals, except this, contain (beside carbon) hydrogen and oxygen. If the presence of these two elements can be regarded as an indication of the vegetable origin of mineral coal, certainly the absence of them should as strongly contra-indicate it. If it can be shown that neither carbon, hydrogen nor oxygen was originally derived from vegetable matter, then no direct conclusion can be drawn from their presence in mineral coals favorable to the theory in question. If all three be primitive elements in the composition of the earth, then they may have combined, in obedience to their own affinities, to the production of mineral coal, without the intervention of vegetable elaboration.

Carbon is known to constitute a portion of those limestones denominated primitive, which are acknowledged by all to have existed anterior to vegetable existence. It constitutes, also, from 91 to 96 per cent. of graphite or plumbago, a mineral which, in Norway, is found in quartz; in New-York, in feldspar; at Franklin furnace, New-Jersey, in primitive limestone; and near Philadelphia there is enough of it to supply the present wants of the world, imbedded in white granular or primitive limestone. These facts incontestibly prove that carbon is a constituent part of the primitive portion of the earth's crust, and of course does not depend upon any secondary cause.

Again, graphite may be regarded, with much propriety, as a variety of coal, judging from the great quantity of carbon that enters into its composition. If carbon, then, in every tangible form, depends upon vegetable matter necessarily, how, we may inquire, came this graphite among the primitive rocks? And if carbon, in the form of graphite, can obtain, independently of vegetable action, may it not possibly occur in the mineral coals in a similar manner? I consider these as pertinent questions in the examination of this subject.

The other elements of the common coals, hydrogen and oxygen, composed the waters of the great deep, and therefore will be admitted by all to be primitive—at least, not to be dependent upon vegetation.

The close analogy which exists between mineral and vegetable tar or bitumen has been regarded as strong presumptive evidence in favor of the opinion that coal is a vegetable product. Upon this topic I have remarks similar to those above to make. The elements of bitumen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen being primitive, that substance may as readily be attributed to a direct mineral creation as graphite. But as it is referred to a vegetable origin, and looked upon as giving countenance to the theory in question, it may be well to state that it has been found under circumstances which positively oppose any such conclusion. Mr. Bakewell says that he saw bitumen '*trickling*' out of volcanic tufa at Auvergne, in France. He farther says that—

"The ancient volcanoes of this region broke out from below the granite; and consequently, we should regard this bitumen to be as much a mineral substance as the sulphur which accompanies volcanic eruptions."—*Bakewell's Geol.* p. 121.

Humbolt's statement, that he found bitumen in primitive rocks in South America, sustains the observation and inference of Mr. Bakewell just quoted. "But whence," as Mr. Bakewell asks, "did the vegetables derive the carbon of which their solid parts are principally composed?" From the great store-house of Nature, must be the answer; for, certainly, they have no creative power. [To be continued.]

From the Greek.

Thou shalt not *die*, oh lovely one!
But to a better country shalt ascend—
Those blessed islands where Spring cannót end,
But blooms unfading round th' Eternal's throne:
There, fawn-like, sporting in Elysian plains,
'Mid flowers and shrubbery of every dye,
While every evil shall far from thee fly,
Thou shalt recover Youth's elastic chains;
The cold of Winter shall not hurt thee there,
No heat, no sickness, thy sweet form offend,
No thirst, no hunger, on thee there attend,
But all thy wants at thy command appear.
Near to Olympus, in th' eternal beam,
Thy life shall roll in an unbroken stream.

New-Haven, Aug. 10. F. C.

Correspondence of The New-Yorker.

NOTES ON ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.—No. III.

EDINBURGH.

My friend, Wm. Shiells, Esq. of the Register Office, in accompanying me through the Signet Library, related a little incident that had occurred there, and to which he was a party. On one occasion, Sir Walter Scott, after wandering up and down this spacious hall, and peering about amongst the huge volumes with the eye of an amateur, seated himself by the table in the centre of the room, and with pen and paper before him, began musing, and occasionally transmitting, it would seem, his thoughts to paper—apparently unconscious that all this time a well-dressed lady continued standing at a respectful distance at his back, and watching every motion of the poet's pen as if her own death-warrant were being signed. At last Sir Walter paused, and laying down his pen, still half filled with ink, upon the table, got up and walked away. At this moment Mr. Shiells, who had observed all this—yet not dreaming why the lady remained thus occupied, but supposed it was merely the desire that at that time animated the whole public to look upon so great a personage—having occasion for a pen, lifted from the table the veritable one Sir Walter had been using. At the same time the watchful lady came forward, and with a low congé to Mr. Shiells, took another pen, which all this time had remained in the stand, and marched off with it in triumph. No doubt, by this time, the said pen of the greatest writer of the age has been exhibited, and the circumstance how it came into the possession of the most fortunate of her sex related over and over again, to crowds of eager listeners; and after visiters have departed, it is undoubtedly again carefully deposited in at least a silver or ebony case, made expressly for the purpose. It appeared wrong that the lady had not been undeceived; but as my friend remarked, "the joke was too good to part with."

Talking of library relics: Mr. Shiells has a writer in his employ, who on some occasions acted as amanuensis to Sir Walter; and I have been presented with a half sheet of manuscript in the poet's own hand-writing. It seems to have been designed as some note to his work on 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' if I might judge by the subject. "I trust it may not be a second edition of the pen story," I said to my friend; but I am inclined to believe it genuine, from the direct and respectable source whence it is obtained. The Signet Library contains some 30,000 volumes.

The Register Office is one of the finest buildings in Edinburgh. The library has 150,000 printed, and 1,700 manuscript volumes; and no less than 400 volumes of Scottish poetry alone. Probably there is no place in the civilized world where there are more advantages of a literary kind, and where those advantages are more highly prized and cultivated, than in Edinburgh. Books are not kept here for show, as in some cities where I have been; and this fact becomes apparent when opportunity throws you into general society here. You shall dine at the table of the man of business, with the farmer, the man living on his income, or with any of that class in life from whose chances of birth, education, or intercourse with the great world, we naturally look for something more than the mere worn-out adages and frothy nothings of the day, and go away pleased or instructed in some manner. That there is 'a time for all things,' never seems to enter the noddle of your thorough-going bore of such and such a calling or profession. Is he a merchant?—Then look for nothing from him in conversation, at all seasons and in all hours, but profit and loss accounts, the prospects here and the prospects there. So with your man of cotton, (for a *man of cotton* he is,) the banker, the parson, the horse-jockey. It is slight matter to me with which of the parties my lot be cast, so he or she be a *professional bore*, and cannot throw two sentences together beyond what they have served the apprenticeship of a life-time to acquire.

Holyrood House;—who does not know and feel its melancholy history? On entering the Scottish capital, it is almost the first place to which the stranger, of every clime, bends his way. Previously acquainted, by drawings and ample descriptions, with every part and particle of this hallowed pile, one does not feel exceeding surprise at a first view. The outward sense seems merged in the more active workings of the mind, which dislikes to have a single fancy of its own peculiar fashioning broken in upon. You pass through the outward gate, cross the paved court, and run bolt against the porter himself in your musing, who, taking up the very thread of your own meditations by asking if the "gentleman wishes *first* to see Queen Mary's rooms?" gives you reason to doubt but that these thoughts had been uttered aloud. "Ay, lead on to Queen Mary's rooms." The cold stone steps, and narrow, winding stair which conducts you to the door of the ante-room, strike chilly enough at the commencement; yet mailed feet, and the soft tread of the beauteous and princely, have passed over the same before now, with the warm sunbeams of hope and joy dancing around the heart. Ay, and again I see them! Days of blood and barbarism—when the rankest weeds of human passion, and the most lovely flowers of purity and innocence, were allowed to spring up and flourish together. Perchance the weeds remained through life; perchance they died, or by turns bore rule; still chance was all, as the good or evil spirit ruled, and times and situations changed. Here, too, stole out the foul and accursed murderer, incased in armor, as though the Almighty could not strike him dead—with perhaps the sacred emblem of man's salvation crossed upon his breast, and even on the bloody steel itself. The black-hearted traitor to his country's good, the plotting priest, and the fair-faced wanton, all have trod this ground. May the history of the past teach *us* to do better, that posterity discover no such blot on *our* escutcheon.

And this was *her* bed!—I believe this is not disputed. A guard-rope is drawn around it to keep visiters at a respectful distance, as they used to carry away small pieces, as relics. The whole is fast crumbling to decay, so that now the attendants dare not even remove the dust too often. The hangings have been very rich, and were all wrought by hand. The bed in the ante-room is of the same style and appearance as this. A narrow door opens into the small room, or closet rather, where Rizzio sat at supper with the Queen and the Countess of Argyle, and where he received the first blow from the hands of the conspirators. Some accounts state that the conspirators found him at meat before the Queen with his cap or bonnet on; but I cannot credit this, especially when taking into consideration the extreme attention to good manners which has ever characterized, on all occasions, the countrymen of Rizzio. The ill manners lay in another quarter; for a more impudent and dastardly act, taking every circumstance into consideration, than the murder of Rizzio, history does not hold up to the mortal detestation of mankind. Fragments of the arras are still hanging above the dark and narrow door-way where the murderers entered. Richly wrought tapestries had formerly covered the whole of the walls, concealing this private passage, which has its entrance from the chapel, and traverses some considerable distance. This entrance is now closed up, leaving still enough, however, for the curious. In that they can take a few steps up from the closet, but can see nothing more than what must continue on to be a dark and narrow winding stair of solid masonry, barely wide enough to admit a man of ordinary size in those days. The talkative old lady who guides you here seemed particularly anxious we should examine the bloody stains upon the floor, which, whatever they are, I observed to be thicker and darker in toward the wall. Here are also shown what are said to have been the iron gloves of Lord Darnley; but their authenticity is doubted. Ancient chairs, a work-table of

Mary's, and many other little things, are shown you in these four apartments generally denominated her's. Some of the tapestries are yet in good repair, although the colors are going fast. The Hall of State, as fitted up for George IV., remains as he left it, with the shabby little throne, and the color of the red cloth, with which the whole walls are hung, fast changing with the damp.

The suit of rooms which were occupied by the unfortunate King of France, during his stay in Edinburgh, are by far the most light and pleasant in Holyrood; and are perhaps of later structure than other parts of the building, as they appear in excellent preservation. The suite occupies nearly the whole eastern side of the quadrangle, and the rooms open into each other. Poor fellow!—What must have been his thoughts while tenanting the ancestral dwelling of the like unfortunate Stuarts? But I don't imagine Charles X. was much given this way; certainly his short and miserable reign did not show it to be the case. While here, hunting was still, as ever, his hobby, and he would stroll off to any distance for good shooting.

If you wish to save time, and avoid no small quantum of disgust, do not visit the picture gallery of the Kings of Scotland; but just look in at the door, and gaze a moment down the spacious hall, which measures 150 feet in length and 27 in breadth. J. S.

For The New-Yorker.

TO J—— ——, ON LEAVING FOR THE WEST.

I.

When thou dost forth upon thy journey wander,
Kind words at parting shall be given to thee;
And as thou glidest o'er the waters, yonder,
Thy glad bark bounding like a bird set free,
Our winged thoughts shall bear thee company!
Bright be each wave that thou shalt wander o'er—
Pure be the air upon the inland sea—
Fragrant each odor from the quiet shore,
And safe be thy return to thy fond home once more!

II.

Thou shalt see Nature! Long, long years ago
I bowed myself and worship'd at her shrine;
But Custom's chains have fallen on me so
That I have ceased to own her half divine:
What falls on every heart must fall on mine!
Thou shalt see Nature! May the lovely tone
Of her sweet voice start to that soul of thine;
May health's bright blush upon that cheek be thrown,
And all the joy thou hop'st, thrice doubled, be thine own!

III.

Morning and evening and the moony night,
Twilight and dews, and waters, and the wind,
And snowy sails, and landscapes sunny bright,
And busy towns with dark old woods behind—
These each shall have an image on thy mind:
And friends' glad greetings shall upon thine ear
Like music fall—and in thy love shall find
A glad response—the while, thy heart to cheer,
When thou returnest, friend, warm welcomes wait thee here!

Buffalo, July 17. E. S. H.

For the New-Yorker.

THE LAWYER'S ADIEU TO MODESTY.

Modesty! for many years we have been bosom friends. I have cherished thee as the apple of my eye. Thou hast been nourished in my bosom, and been warmed and fostered when the chills of poverty have shaken my frame. And when I came into a profession to which thou wert a stranger, I did not abandon thee. Against sneers and vituperations without number, I defended thee; neither by love nor by money—by no arts of sycophancy, nor by taunts, nor reproaches or revilings, for thy sake, have I been induced to forsake thee. And if ever I seemed to wrong thee, by the blush which no eye saw, and by the humble confession which no ear heard, in our secret communings have I made thee ample atonement. And truly must I say, notwithstanding the crosses to which my friendship for thee has subjected me, our intercourse has been pleasant—most sweet to my soul. For more than fifteen years, amidst the bustle of courts and the ups and downs of life, have I clasped thee with devoted affection to my bosom.

But now we must part. There is a limit, beyond which friendship cannot go. And in parting, I must say to thee—I say it with tears and with bitter grief of heart—that thou hast illy requited my friendship. Thou hast ever stood between me and my fortune. Thou hast demanded sacrifice after sacrifice; and when I have given thee all, thou hast still cried—"Give! give!" Thou hast interposed thyself between me and moneyed clients, though thou knewest my need. Thou hast made me to take the lowest seat among my inferiors. Thou hast made me to be passed by unnoticed by those who should have done me reverence. Thou hast caused me to be overlooked by the great, and to be contemned by the small. Thou hast compelled me to dwell in a cottage, when I might have boasted of a palace. Thou hast given me the leanness of poverty, when I might have luxuriated in wealth. Consideration, honors, riches, applause, have all been foregone for love to thee. I would have soared; but when I began to mount, thou hast clipped my wings. I would have held courts, and juries, and senates under my sway, and caused them to pay me deference; but, like an evil genius, thou hast fettered my tongue, and spread confusion on my face.

Yet, though thou hast been to me like the blasting mildew to the earth, I would not send thee away with reproaches. Our friendship is ill-sorted and ill-advised. A lawyer's breast is no place for thee to be nourished in. Go and take up thy abode in some fair maiden's bosom. There thou wilt find an appropriate dwelling; there thy friendship will give charms; and there thou mayest be nourished without exhausting the life's blood of thy friend; there, instead of bringing, thou mayest ward off the dangers to which she is exposed. Go, and let that henceforth be thy home, and let thy friendship be faithful and mutual. Warn her of dangers ere they approach, and on her cheek make the rose to bloom with redoubled freshness. Go—go and be happy, for we must part.

I would not grieve thee while I send thee away, or seem to do it roughly. Notwithstanding all the ills thou hast done, the tear comes into my eye while I bid thee farewell. Long, long have we lived together; long hast thou been the companion alike of my solitude and of my social festivity; and I call upon thee now—I charge thee to say if I ever wronged thee, or, having ever seemed to wrong thee, did not make thee more than ample retribution. Thou art silent;—thou hast no charge to bring against me. We part, then, in peace. Whatever the wrongs thou hast done me, I forgive thee; and if thou hast in any thing brought me profit—though I know it not—I thank thee. Go; our callings are different—our paths diverge at right angles; go, and bestow thy friendship where it may come with no curse. I may see thee in thy new dwelling, and I will give thee the smile of kind remembrance, and, as thou behavest, of approbation; but see that thou attemptest not to return, or seem to recognize me as an acquaintance. And although, in some lone hour, I might gladly commune with thee, it must not be; I can not—will not again trust thee. Thou wilt not come and go at my bidding. The separation must be final—total; thy banishment must be absolute—perpetual. And if ever in age, when I shall have laid aside the profession to which thou art a sworn enemy, I should invite thee back, it must be on the rigid condition that thou never alludest to what has taken place during thy banishment—that by no hint thou seemest to be acquainted with my life. And now adieu!—*longum, longum vale!*

Come, Impudence!—We have hitherto been strangers; but now I will strike up a compact with thee—will take thee to my bosom, and nourish thee with fond affection. Only be faithful and stand by me in my need, and lend thy brass to my forehead and thy iron to my nerves. I have wronged thee—greatly wronged thee in my past life; but come now and be my fast friend, and I will make ample reparation. Together we will stride along the thronged way of life; and, aided by thee, I will do battle with a host. Thou comest willingly at my bidding, and from my heart I thank thee. Thou shalt be my shield, and with thy help I will do deeds at which men shall marvel. Thy home is henceforth in my bosom; and I will defend thee, if thou be but faithful, against the assaults of a thousand hosts. E. W. C.

Tardiness.—It was remarked by Prince Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, when somewhat severe measures were proposed against the King of Saxony for his adhesion to Bonaparte when all the other Powers of Germany rose in indignant opposition to the foreign tyranny, that after all, the unlucky King had done nothing worse than being too late in joining the coalition. "His watch," said Talleyrand, "was only one hour slower than that of his brother sovereigns."

From the Knickerbocker for Sept.

LINES TO A BUNCH OF CHERRIES. .....By B. B. Thatcher.

[Written while eating them.]

Beautiful cluster! passing fair
Ye grew on your perch, in the shining air:
Ye swung like a circle of merry fays
In the morning's gale and the noontide rays;
With an awning o'er you of such bright leaves
As the thrush for her first-born nestling weaves,
And with eddies of perfume breathing around,
From green-wood grove and from blossomy ground;
—O, crimson cluster! fresh and fair
Did your life laugh on in the shining air!

But, alas for beauty! Ye are riven now
From the shelter and shade of the dancing bough;
Ah! never again will ye gather bright dyes,
Priceless and pure, from these sunny skies;
Ye shall nod no more to the morning gale,
Though it seek for aye, over meadow and vale:
Nor ever shall twilight breezes bring—
From the wood or the wave, in Summer or Spring—
Nor the fire-fly's gleam, nor the silver dew,
Motion, or perfume, or verdure to you!

So Friendship fadeth; so Love's bright eye
Grows dim, like a star in a stormy sky,
When the trial-clouds of sorrow and strife,
Ere its noon is yet welcomed, sweep over Life;
On the greenest branch of Youth's bright bower
Affections all rapture blush but an hour.
Beautiful cluster! would that to be
Were to be for ever, for things like thee!
Oh, would that on all fair things the bloom
Told not, like the victim's wreath, of the tomb!

MRS. HEMANS.

We cannot resist the temptation to copy the following fragments of letters from the new 'Memoir of Mrs. Hemans,' by her sister. The work is half composed of similar revelations of the purely poetic and exalted spirit of the peerless subject of the Memoir, many of which were gleaned for The New-Yorker from Chorley's 'Personal Recollections' and 'Memorials' of Mrs. Hemans years ago. We believe the following are now first given to the public:

"I send Herder's beautiful ballads of 'The Cid,' and I wish you may take as much pleasure as I have always done in their proud *clarion music*. I often think what a dull, faded thing life—such life as we lead in this later age—would appear to one of those fiery knights of old. Only imagine my *Cid*, spurring the good steed Bavieca through the streets of Liverpool, or coming to pass an evening with me at Wavertree!"

"I owe you many thanks for so kindly introducing me to all those noble thoughts of Richter's. I think the vision in the church magnificent both in purpose and conception: it is scarcely possible to stop for the contemplation of occasional extravagances, when borne along so rapidly and triumphantly, as by 'a mighty rushing wind,' some of the detached thoughts are so exquisite."

* * * * * *

"Now, let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine, Tieck's 'Sternbald,' in whose 'Wanderungen,' which I now send—if you know them not already—I cannot but hope that you will take as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where his favorite book has again and again been my companion."

"We have been talking much of French poetry lately. Do you know the 'Dernier Chant de Corinne?' I sent it, marked in the third volume of the book, and you shall have the others if you wish. If the soul, without the form, be enough to constitute poetry, then it surely is poetry of the very highest order."

* * * * * *

"That book, (Corinne,) in particular toward its close, has a power over me which is quite indescribable. Some passages seem to give me back my own thoughts and feelings, my whole inner being, with a mirror more true than ever friend could hold up."

"How very beautiful are those letters of Lord Collingwood to his family!—there is something in all those thoughts of hearth and home, and of the garden-trees and of the 'old summer-seat,' which, breathing as they do from amidst the the far and lonely seas, affect us like an exile's song of his fatherland. The letters to his wife brought strongly to my mind the poor Queen of Prussia's joyous exclamations in the midst of her last sufferings—'Oh! how blessed is she who receives such a letter as this!'"

"I send my copy of 'Iphigenia,' because I shall like to know whether you are as much struck with all that I have marked in it as I have been. Do you remember all we were saying on the obscurity of *female* suffering in such stormy days of the lance and spear, as the good Fray Agapida describes so vividly? Has not Goethe beautifully developed the idea in the lines which I inclose? They occur in Iphigenia's supplication to Thaos for her brother."

"I have been delighted with the paper on Burns, which you were kind enough to lend me. I think that the writer has gone further into 'the heart of the mystery' than any other, because he, almost the first of all, has approached the subject with a deep reverence for genius, but a still deeper for truth: all the rest have seemed only anxious to make good the attack or the defence. And there is a feeling, too, of 'the still sad music of humanity' throughout, which bears upon the heart a conviction full of power, that it is listening to the voice of a brother. I wonder who the writer is. He certainly gives us a great deal of what Boswell, I think, calls 'bark and steel for the mind.' I, at least, found it in several passages; but I fear that a woman's mind never can be able, and never was formed to attain that power of sufficiency to itself, which seems to lie somewhere or other among the *rocks* of a man's."

"I send you the Moravian air; and this is the old Swedish tradition of which I was speaking to you last night. There is a dark lake somewhere among the Swedish mountains, and in the lake there is an island of pines, and on the island an old castle, and there is a spirit-keeper, who lives far down in the lake, and when any evil is going to befall the inhabitants of the castle, he rises to the surface and plays a most mournful ditty on his shadowy harp, and they know that it is a music of warning. I met with it in 'Olaus Magnus'—such a strange wild book!"

"Did it ever strike you how lighter sorrow's 'pining cares' become, out in the free air, and under the blue sky, than 'beneath a smoky roof,' as the sea-kings of old used to say? For my part, I am never the least surprised to hear of people becoming fascinated with Indian life, and giving up all our boasted refinements for the range of the tameless forests. This reminds me of some American books, which I send you. In one of them, 'New-England's Memorial,' I wish to call your attention to the beautiful map at the beginning, with all those gallant ships, and groups of armed men, and wolves and bears wandering about, to express, I suppose, the dangers which the pilgrim fathers so bravely encountered. The other, 'Mademoiselle Reidesel's Memoirs,' I send for Mrs. C., whom, I think, it will interest. The heroine goes through many trials, but, sustained as she is by 'the strong affection which overcometh all things,' who can look upon her with pity?"

"I am quite surprised at your liking my 'Storm-Painter' so much. As an expression of strong and perturbed feeling, I could not satisfy myself with it in the least: it seemed all done in pale *water-colors*."

"Will you tell your brother I regretted, after you and he had left me the other evening, that, instead of Werner's 'Luther,' which I do not think will interest him much, I had not lent him one of my greatest favorites, Grillparzer's 'Sappho.' I therefore send it him now. It is, in my opinion, full of beauty, which I am sure he will appreciate, and of truth, developing itself clearly and sorrowfully through the coloring mists of imagination."

"I have been thinking much of the German scenes for translation, respecting which you paid me the compliment of wishing for my opinion. The interview between Philip the Second and Posa (in Schiller's 'Don Carlos') is certainly very powerful, but to me its interest is always destroyed by a sense of utter impossibility, which haunts me throughout. Not even Schiller's mighty spells can, I think, win the most 'unquestioning spirit' to suppose that such a voice of truth and freedom could have been lifted up, and endured, in the presence of the cold, stern Philip the Second—that he would, even for a moment, have listened to the language thus fearlessly bursting from a noble heart. Three of the most impressive scenes toward the close of the play might, I think, be linked together, leaving out the intervening ones, with much effect—the one in which Carlos, standing by the body of his friend, forces his father to the contemplation of the dead; the one in which the King comes forward, with his fearful, dreamy remorse, alone amidst his court—

'Give me this dead one back,' &c.—

and the subsequent interview between Philip and the Grand Inquisitor, in which the whole spirit of those fanatic days seems embodied.

"There is a scene in one of Oehlenschläger's dramas, 'The Shepherd Boy,' which has always affected me strongly. It has also the recommendation of telling its own tale at once, without need of any preliminaries. An aged priest wishes by degrees, and with tenderness, to reveal to a father the death of his only child. The father, represented as a bold and joyous character, full of hope, and strength, and 'spirit of life,' attributes all the 'dark sayings,' and mournful allusions of his visitant, to the natural despondency of age, and attempts to cheer him by descriptions of *his* bright domestic happiness. 'Strengthen thyself,' he says, 'in my sunshine!' This very exultation of spirit makes you tremble for him, and feel that fate is approaching. At last, the old man uncovers the body of the child, and then the passionate burst of the father's grief is indeed overpowering; then the mother enters, and even amidst all her anguish, the meekness of a more subdued and chastened being is felt, and beautifully contrasted with her husband's despair.

"In Goethe's 'Egmont,' the scenes in which Clärchen endeavors to rouse the spirit of the bewildered citizens, and in which Brackenburg communicates to her the preparations for Egmont's execution, seem to stand out from the rest in the bold relief of their power and passion; and the interview between Egmont in prison and Ferdinand, the son of his enemy, who soothes even the anguish of those moments by the free-will offering of his young heart's affection and reverence, I have always thought most deeply touching."

It may here not be out of place to introduce a few recollections regarding Mrs. Hemans' progressive tastes, supplied by the friend already described, having been for so many years her indefatigable literary purveyor.

"My book *beckifications* in the days of old were multifarious enough—in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish poetry; or prose, (not *prosy* prose,) grave or gay, lively or severe, history or fiction, (the history chiefly of feudal ages,) essay or criticism—only nothing in the service of science ever found a place in them. At a later period, during her Wavertree residence, I was often struck with the change of her tastes, which then seemed to have retreated from the outer world, and devoted themselves exclusively to the passionate and imaginative. The German poets were always on her table, especially Goethe. Wordsworth was ever growing in her favor, yet I think at that time she oftener quoted Byron, Shelley, and Madame de Stael, than any other. This was aliment too stimulating for an organization that so much needed more sedative influences—and while her poetry at that period was deeper, tenderer, more touching than ever, it was like the pelican's heart-blood, poured forth (if naturalists would let these pretty stories pass) to feed her brood."

The following extracts, from letters written in a far different and deeper tone, will need no comment, excepting the explanation that they were severally addressed to the two friends to whom she was most wont to lay open her heart, in all its strength and weakness:

"You speak 'high words' to me, dear friend! I gratefully feel them, and own their power. They remind me of Wordsworth's beautiful expression—

'To teach us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.'

And I, too, have high views, doubt it not. My very suffering proves it; for how much of this is occasioned by quenchless aspirations after intellectual and moral beauty, never to be found on earth! they seem to sever me from others, and make my lot more lonely than life has made it. Can you think that any fervent and aspiring mind ever passed through this world without suffering from that void which has been the complaint of all? 'Les âmes dont l'imagination tient à la puissance d'aimer et de souffrir, ne sont-ils pas les bannis d'une autre région?' I know that it must be so; that nothing earthly can fill it, and that it cannot be filled with the infinite, until infinity shall have opened upon it; for these intense affections are human; they were given us to meet and answer human love; and though they may be 'raised and solemnized' even here, yet I do believe that it is only in the 'Better Land' they ever did, or will approximate to what is divine. Fear not any danger for me in the adulation which surrounds me. A moment's transient entertainment—scarcely even that at times—is the utmost effect of things that 'come like shadows, so depart.' Of all things, never may I become that despicable thing, a woman living upon admiration! The village matron, *tidying up* for her husband and children at evening, is far, far more enviable and respectable."

"Why should you try to wean yourself from me, my dear friend, because our paths are divided, and because the burthen of fragile health and over-occupation laid upon me, prevents my giving more time in return for all your affectionate anxiety. Be assured that, in the midst of constant excitement, homage, ideal wanderings, and real cares, which so strangely 'weave the warp and weave the woof' of my 'mystic thread of life,' my heart is ever true to the past—a heart of home, though no home be for it here; and never to forget all your love and care for me and mine. So think of me still, and often as ever, and in some points (strangely as I am placed, and surrounded with things that might, I frankly confess, a little turn my head, but for the deep remembrances of my heart) think of me with less anxiety; for I do feel, notwithstanding all this, my mind in a more healthful state, and more open to happy influences than it has been—the fever of the mental nerves is subsiding."

"'*Safe in the grave*'—what deep meaning there is in those words, and how often does the feeling they convey come over me amidst the varied excitements of my strange, unconnected life! How I look back upon the comparative peace and repose of Bronwylfa and Rhyllon—a walk in the hay-field—the children playing round me—my dear mother coming to call me from the dew—and you, perhaps, making your appearance just in the 'gloaming,' with a great bunch of flowers in your kind hand! How have these things passed away from me, and how much more was I formed for their quiet happiness, than for the weary part of *femme célèbre*, which I am now enacting! But my heart is with those home enjoyments, and there, however tried, excited, and wrung, it will ever remain."

From The Gift for 1840.

ANGLING....By Alfred B. Street.

The South wind is breathing most sweetly to-day,
And the sunshine is veiled in a mantle of gray;
The Spring rains have passed, and the streams leap along,
Not too full, nor too shrunk, with their sparkle and song:
'T is the month loved by anglers—'t is beautiful June—
Away, then, away to the bright Callikoon!

A narrow wild path through the forest is here,
With delicate hoof-prints—the trail of the deer;
Beside and above us what splendor of green!
The eye can scarce pierce the thick branches between;
How lightly this moss-hillock yields to the foot!
How gnarled is yon bough, and how twisted that root!
What white and pink clusters the laurel hangs out—
With the air one deep hum from the bees all about!
And the chestnut—'t is gala-day with her—behold!
Her leaves nearly covered with plumage of gold;
Whilst, far in the depths of the coverts below,
The blackberry-blossoms are scattered like snow.
High upward, the thresher is whistling her lay,
And the red-crested woodpecker hammers away;
The locust's shrill bugle now swells and now dies,
And the caw of the crow echoes hoarse as he flies,
While knots of bright butterflies flutter around,
And the squirrel seeks, barking, his grot in the ground.

We break from the tree-groups—a glade deep with grass—
The wild clover's breath loads the sense as we pass;
A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen—
'T is the bright Callikoon—through its thickets of green:
We rush to the banks its sweet music to hear,
Its gush, dash and gurgle, all blent to the ear;
No shadow is there from the cloud-covered sun;
We plunge in its crystal—our sport is begun:
Our line where that ripple shoots onward we 'll throw,
Let it sweep to the foam-spangled eddy below;
A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown—
He swings to our basket—the prize is our own.

We pass the still shallows—a plunge at our side—
'T is the dive of the muskrat, its terror to hide;
A clarion is heard; spots are darting from sight;
The duck with her brood speeding on in affright;
A rush—'t is the water-snipe cleaving the air;
We pass the still shallows—our prey is not there.

But here, where the trunk stretches half o'er the brook,
And the pool slumbers deep in a leaf-shadowed nook;
Where the eddies are dimpling and circling away,
Steal gently, for here lies the king of our prey.
Throw still—for if greater the sound meets his ear
Than the burst of a bubble, we strike him with fear.
How cautious his touch of the death-covered bait!
The rod is now trembling; but patiently wait:
A pull—raise your line, yet most gently—'t will bring
The credulous victim more sure to his spring—
A jerk, and the angle is bent to its length;
Play the line from the reel, or 't will break with his strength;
How he darts round in foam!—but his vigor is past;
Draw steadily to you—we 'll have him at last!
Rear up, but beware that strong struggle and gasp,
And the noble snared creature is filling your grasp;
How bright with the water-gloss glitters the pride
Of his brown clouded back, red and gold spotted side;
And we leave the reft scene of the dead monarch's reign
Like a despot that moves on to triumph again.

The voice of the cascade now burdens the air;
Approach, for our prey's crowded city is there.
Here whirlpools, there eddies, here stillness, there foam,
Let us ply well our art, for no further we roam.
Our basket soon fills, but our muscles are tired,
And a shade in the sky tells that day has expired.
The robin has warbled his vespers and flown,
And the frog from the creek has commenced his trombone;
The spider has ceased his slight furrow to show,
And the brown sprawling shrimp seeks the pebbles below.
Up the bank then we clamber, our home-path resume,
With the torch-bearing fire-fly to lighten the gloom;
And the dreams of our sleep-fettered pillow restore
Our day-sport, distorted by peasant, once more.

Lineal Descendant of William Wallace.—At Baltimore I met and conversed with an elderly gentleman of the name of Wallace. In early life he had attended the classes at Edinburgh, and studied under Dr. Black and others. He boasts of being the only remaining lineal descendant of William Wallace, and still uses the arms and motto of that hero. He mentioned to me that he was once in an engraver's shop in Edinburgh, giving the requisite instructions for cutting his seal, when the Earl of Buchan, who was accidentally present, examined the arms and motto, and said: "Sir, there is only one family remaining entitled to these, and that family is in Virginia." This confirmation of his innocent and praiseworthy claims from the lips of a stranger, must have given him great satisfaction. He is a very cheerful, communicative old gentleman, and I was really pleased to interchange a friendly grasp with a hand the veins of which might be enriched even with a drop of the Wallace blood. Murray's Travels.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker:

Sir:—I have already given you a legend or two, drawn from ancient Spanish sources, and may occasionally give you a few more. I love these old Spanish themes, especially when they have a dash of the Morisco in them, and treat of the times when the Moslems maintained a foot-hold in the peninsula. They have a high, spicy, oriental flavor, not to be found in any other themes, that are merely European. In fact, Spain is a country that stands alone in the midst of Europe; severed in habits, manners, and modes of thinking, from all its continental neighbors. It is a romantic country; but its romance has none of the sentimentality of modern European romance; it is chiefly derived from the brilliant regions of the East, and from the high-minded school of Saracenic chivalry.

The Arab invasion and conquest brought a higher civilization, and a nobler style of thinking, into Gothic Spain. The Arabs were a quick-witted, sagacious, proud-spirited, and poetical people, and were imbued with oriental science and literature. Wherever they established a seat of power, it became a rallying place for the learned and ingenious; and they softened and refined the people whom they conquered. By degrees, occupancy seemed to give them a hereditary right to their foot-hold in the land; they ceased to be looked upon as invaders, and were regarded as rival neighbors. The peninsula, broken up into a variety of states, both Christian and Moslem, became, for centuries, a great campaigning ground, where the art of war seemed to be the principal business of man, and was carried to the highest pitch of romantic chivalry. The original ground of hostility, a difference of faith, gradually lost its rancor. Neighboring states, of opposite creeds, were occasionally linked together in alliances, offensive and defensive; so that the cross and crescent were to be seen side by side, fighting against some common enemy. In times of peace, too, the noble youth of either faith, resorted to the same cities, Christian or Moslem, to school themselves in military science. Even in the temporary truces of sanguinary wars, the warriors who had recently striven together in the deadly conflicts of the field, laid aside their animosity, met at tournaments, jousts, and other military festivities, and exchanged the courtesies of gentle and generous spirits. Thus the opposite races became frequently mingled together in peaceful intercourse, or if any rivalry took place, it was in those high courtesies and nobler acts, which bespeak the accomplished cavalier. Warriors, of opposite creeds, became ambitious of transcending each other in magnanimity as well as valor. Indeed, the chivalric virtues were refined upon to a degree sometimes fastidious and constrained; but at other times, inexpressibly noble and affecting. The annals of the times teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punctilious honor, that warm the very soul to read them. These have furnished themes for national plays and poems, or have been celebrated in those all-pervading ballads, which are as the life-breath of the people, and thus have continued to exercise an influence on the national character, which centuries of vicissitude and decline have not been able to destroy; so that, with all their faults, and they are many, the Spaniards, even at the present day, are, on many points, the most high-minded and proud-spirited people of Europe. It is true, the romance of feeling derived from the sources I have mentioned, has, like all other romance, its affectations and extremes. It renders the Spaniard at times pompous and grandiloquent; prone to carry the 'pundonor,' or point of honor, beyond the bounds of sober sense and sound morality; disposed in the midst of poverty, to affect the 'grande caballero,' and to look down with sovereign disdain upon 'arts mechanical,' and all the gainful pursuits of plebeian life; but this very inflation of spirit, while it fills his brain with vapors, lifts him above a thousand meannesses; and though it often keeps him in indigence, ever protects him from vulgarity.

In the present day, when popular literature is running into the low levels of life, and luxuriating on the vices and follies of mankind; and when the universal pursuit of gain is trampling down the early growth of poetic feeling, and wearing out the verdure of the soul; I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to these records of prouder times and loftier modes of thinking; and to steep himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

For my own part, I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays, and ballads, about Moors and Christians, which I keep by me as mental tonics, in the same way that a provident house-wife has her cupboard of cordials. Whenever I find my mind brought below par, by the common-place of every-day life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd selfishness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of La Mancha to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit, by a deep draught of their contents. They have some such effect upon me as Falstaff ascribes to a good Sherris sack, 'warming the blood, and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes.'

I here subjoin, Mr. Editor, a small specimen of the cordials I have mentioned, just drawn from my Spanish cupboard, which I recommend to your palate. If you find it to your taste, you may pass it on to your readers.

Your correspondent and well-wisher, Geoffrey Crayon.

LEGEND OF DON MUNIO SANCHO DE HINOJOSA.

By the Author of the Sketch Book.

In the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these, reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured in relief a band of Christian cavaliers, capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is of the following purport.

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof; stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners, and scymetars, and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth, without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Donna Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed, when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game, and drive it toward his stand. He had not been here long, when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came prankling over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroidery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this gay cavalcade, rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire: beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, "Don Munio Sancho," said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish Alcayde. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Donna Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the mean time, Don Munio sent forth missives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dancing to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the King of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all staunch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Donna Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when will thy thirst for glory be appeased!"

"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more for the honor of Castile, and I here make a vow, that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Donna Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit; still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The King of Castile led his army to the plains of Almanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was covered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. "Wo is me!" cried he; "I have slain my benefactor! The flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Donna Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!" exclaimed the old seneschal: "my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!" Then the castle courts rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the draw-bridge was lowered, and Donna Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose: he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning, and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Donna Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo, was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Donna Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: *Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Hinojosa:* Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no

one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be seen. Every one marveled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified, that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfil their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith, in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the History of the Kings of Castile and Leon, by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonzo VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

LA SAINTE ALLIANCE DU PEUPLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JERANGER.

[Sung on the occasion of the evacuation of the French Territory, in the year 1818.]

I saw the descending of Peace from afar;
Flowers, corn-blades and gold in her pathway arose;
The air was serene, and the thunders of war
Were quenched at her feet, in a harmless repose;
And she said, "Noble equals in prowess, advance!
Men of England, Spain, Germany, Muscovy, France!
—O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Ye are worn by long ages of hate and distrust;
Your rest is a night-mare where sleep is undone;
Apportion your globe in a spirit more just—
Let each have his place in the light of the sun.
To the car of Ambition all harnessed ye stray
From the true road of happiness blindly away.
—O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"On your neighbors ye burst with the torch and the brand,
And the storms bear your roofs in a blaze to the skies:
When earth has grown cold, from the war-wasted hand
The plough pauses idly, and rusts where it lies.
Near the bourne whence all states have gone forward, we find
No corn-blade sustained by the blood of mankind.
—O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"'Mid the blaze of your cities the potentates proud,
With the point of their insolent sceptres, will dare
To mark and count over the popular crowd
By some blood-spilling triumph accorded them there.
A poor flock, still exposed to the tyrannous stroke,
From the heavy ye pass to the merciless yoke.
—O, peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Nor broken in vain be the torch and the sword;
Let Justice bear sway in the lands of your birth:
No more let your life's blood be uselessly poured
For the Kings that requite not, and victors of earth.
Denounce the false glare of the planets that start
To scare us to-day, and to-morrow depart.
—O, peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Oh, yet let the nations in freedom respire;
Cast a veil o'er the past—let its history cease.
Sow the seed in your fields to the sound of the lyre;
Let the bright arts be glad round the altar of Peace!
And Hope, lapped in plenty, will smile to behold
The young race that rises succeeding the old.
—O, peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!"

Thus sung sweetest Peace; and the words that she sung
Were pronounced after her by our governing Powers;
As though in her spring-time, all Nature looked young,
And hearts again woke to see Autumn in flowers.
Let the winecup, my country, flow freely to-day,
For the bands of the stranger are marching away.
—O, peoples, forgetting all former defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

A Pithy Epistle.—"Philadelphia, July 5, 1775.—Mr. Stratham: You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people.—Look upon your hands: they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends: you are now my enemy, and I am yours. B. Franklin."

Truth and Lying.—There is nothing more worthy of a man than truth; nothing makes him feel so despicable as a lie.

Correspondence of The Corsair.

METAPHYSICS IN PARIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.'

I don't know an impression more curious than that which is formed in a foreigner's mind, who has been absent from this place for two or three years, returns to it and beholds the change which has taken place in the mean time, in French fashions and ways of thinking. Two years ago, for instance, when I left the capital, I left the young gentlemen of France with their hair brushed up *en toupee* in front, and the toes of their boots round: now the boot toes are pointed, and the hair, combed flat and parted in the middle, falls in ringlets on the fashionable shoulders; and in like manner, with books as with boots, the fashion has changed considerably, and it is not a little curious to contrast the old modes with the new. Absurd as was the literary dandyism of those days, it is not a whit less absurd now: only the manner is changed, and our versatile Frenchmen have passed from one caricature to another.

The Revolution may be called a caricature of Freedom, as the Empire was of Glory; and what they borrow from foreigners undergoes the same process. They take top-boots and Mackintoshes from across the water and caricature our fashions; they read a little, very little, Shakspeare, and caricature our poetry; and as while in David's time art and religion were only a caricature of heathenism, now, on the contrary, these two commodities are imported from Germany, and, distorted caricatures originally, are still further distorted on passing the frontier.

I trust in heaven that German art and religion will take no hold in your country and in ours, (where there is a fund of roast beef that will expel any such humbug in the end,) but these sprightly Frenchmen have relished the mystical doctrines mightily, and have watched the Germans with their sanctified looks and quaint imitations of the old times, and mysterious transcendental talk, and are aping many of their fashions—as well and solemnly as they can—not very solemnly, God wot, for I think one should always prepare to grin when a Frenchman looks particularly grave, being sure that there is something false and ridiculous lurking under that owl-like solemnity.

When last in Paris, we were in the midst of what was called a Catholic reäction. Artists talked of faith in poems and pictures; churches were built here and there; old missals were copied and purchased; and numberless portraits of saints, with as much gilding about them as ever was used in the fifteenth century, appeared in churches, ladies' boudoirs, and picture-shops. One or two fashionable preachers rose and were eagerly followed. The very youth of the schools gave up their pipes and billiards for some time, and flocked in crowds to Nôtre Dame to sit under the feet of Lacordaire. I went to visit the church of Nôtre Dame de Lorrette yesterday, which was finished in the heat of this Catholic rage, and was not a little struck by the similarity of the place to the worship celebrated in it, and the admirable manner in which the architect had caused his work to express the public feeling of the moment. It is a pretty little bijou of a church; it is supported by sham marble pillars; it has a gaudy ceiling of blue and gold, which will look very well for some time, and is filled with gaudy pictures and carvings in the very pink of the mode. The congregation did not offer a bad illustration of the present state of the Catholic reäction. Two or three stray people were at prayers; there was no service; a few countrymen and idlers were staring about at the pictures; and the Swiss, the paid guardian of the place, was comfortably and appropriately asleep on his bench at the door. I am inclined to think the famous reäction is over. The students have taken to their Sunday pipes and billiards again, and one or two cafés have been established within the last year, that are ten times handsomer than Nôtre Dame de Lorrette.

However, if the immortal Gorres and the German mystics have had their day, there remain the immortal Goethe and the Pantheists, and I incline to think that the fashion has set very strongly in their favor. Voltaire and the Encyclopedians are voted now barbares, and there is no term of reprobation strong enough for heartless Humes and Helvetiuses, who lived but to destroy, and who only thought to doubt. Wretched as Voltaire's sneers and puns are, I think there is something more manly and earnest even in them than in the present muddy French transcendentalism. Pantheism is the word now: one and all have begun to *éprouver* the *gesion* of a religious sentiment; and we are deluged with a host of gods accordingly. Monsieur de Balzac feels himself to be inspired; Victor Hugo is a god; Madame Sand is a god; that tawdry man of genius, Jules Janin, who writes theatrical reviews for the 'Debats,' has divine intimations—and there is scarce a beggarly beardless scribbler of poems and prose but tells you in his preface of the sainteté of the *sacerdoce literdire*, or a dirty student, sucking tobacco and beer, and reeling home with a grisette from the chaumiere, who is not convinced of the necessity of a new 'Messianism,' and will hiccup to such as will listen, chapters of his own drunken Apocalypse. Surely, the negatives of the old days were far less dangerous than the assertions of the present, and you may fancy what a religion that must be, which has such high-priests.

There is no reason to trouble the reader with details of the lives of many of these prophets and expounders of new revelations. Madame Sand, for instance, I do not know personally, and can only speak of her from report. True or false, the history at any rate is not very edifying, and so may be passed over; but as a certain great philosopher has told us in humble and simple words, that we are not to expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles, we may at least demand in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness and regularity of life; for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstance or passion, and we know how circumstance and passion *will* sway the intellect, how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself, and how temper turns angrily upon conscience that reproves it. How often have we called our judge our enemy, because he has given sentence against us! How often have we called the right wrong, because the right condemns us! And in the lives of many of the bitter foes of the Christian doctrine can we find no personal reason for their hostility? The men in Athens said it was out of regard for religion that they murdered Socrates; but we have had time since then to reconsider the verdict, and Socrates's character is pretty pure now, in spite of the sentence and the jury of those days.

The last work of Madame Sand, who is the most eloquent writer, I think, that her sex ever produced, and the best writer of her day now in France, is a little novel called Spiridion, in which this extraordinary woman asserts openly her pantheistical doctrine, and attacks the religion which she is pleased to think so faulty. She declares it to be useless now, and unfitted to the exigences and the degree of culture of the actual world; and though it would be hardly worth while to combat her opinions in due form, it is at least worth while to notice them, not merely from the extraordinary eloquence and genius of the woman herself, but because they express the opinions of a great number of people besides; for she not only produces her own thoughts, but imitates those of others very eagerly; and one finds in her writings so much similarity with others, or in others so much resemblance to her, that the book before us may pass for the expression of the sentiments of a certain French party.

Dieu est mort, says another writer of the same class, and of great genius too—Dieu est mort, writes Mr. Henry Heine, speaking of the Christian God, and he adds in a daring figure of speech—n'entendez vous pas sonner la Clochette?—on porte les sacremens à une Dieu qui se meurt! Another of the pantheist poetical philosophers, Mr. Edgar Quinet, has a poem in which Christ and the Virgin Mary are made to die similarly, and the former is classed with Prometheus. This book of Spiridion is a continuation of the theme, and perhaps you will listen to some of the author's expositions of it.

It must be confessed that the controversialists of the present day have an eminent advantage over their predecessors in the days of folios. It required some learning then to write a book, and some time at least, for the very labor of writing out a thousand such vast pages would demand a considerable period; but now, in the age of duodecimos, the system is reformed altogether: a male or female controversialist draws upon his imagination and not his learning—makes a story instead of an argument, and in the course of a hundred and fifty pages (where the preacher has it all his own way) will prove or disprove you any thing. And to our shame be it said, we Protestants have set the example of this kind of proselytism—those detestable mixtures of truth, lies, false-sentiment, false-reasoning, bad grammar, correct and genuine philanthropy and piety—I mean our religious tracts, which any woman or man, be he ever so silly, can take upon himself to write and sell for a penny, as if religious instruction were the easiest thing in the world. We, I say, have set the example in this kind of composition, and all the sects of the earth will doubtless speedily follow it. I can point you out blasphemies in famous pious tracts that are as dreadful as those above mentioned, but that this is no place for such discussions, and we had better return to Madame Sand. As Mrs. Sherwood expounds by means of many touching histories and anecdotes of little boys and girls, her notions of Church history, Church doctrine—as the author of 'Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story,' demolishes the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages—by means of a three-and-sixpenny duodecimo volume, which tumbles over the vast fabric as David's pebble-stone did Goliah—as again the Roman Catholic author of 'Evaline' fails foul of Luther and Calvin, and drowns the awful echoes of their tremendous Protest by the sounds of her little half-crown trumpet—in like manner, by means of pretty sentimental tales, and cheap apologue, Mrs. Sand proclaims *her* truth: that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian Religion is no more! Oh awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? Oh name that God's people of old did fear to utter! Oh light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it?—Women, truly; for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, weak mayhap in spelling and grammar, but marvelously strong in faith—women who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their two-penny tablets, as if there

were some Divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!

With regard to the spelling and grammar, our Parisian Pythoness stands in the goodly fellowship remarkable. Her style is a noble, and, as far as a foreigner can judge, a strange tongue, and beautifully rich and pure. She has a very exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, as other modern prophets do, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She seldom runs a thought to death (after the manner of some prophets, who, when they catch a little one, toy with it until they kill it)—but she leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

This wonderful power of language must have been felt by most people who read Madame Sand's first books, Valentine and Indiana; in Spiridion it is greater, I think, than ever; and for those who are not afraid of the matter of the novel, the manner will be found most delightful. I doubt not but that it has found many readers among you ere now. The author's intention, I presume, is to describe in a parable her notions of the downfall of the Catholic Church, and, indeed, of the whole Christian scheme; and she places her hero in a monastery in Italy, where among the characters about him, and the events which occur, the particular tenets of Madame Dudevant's doctrine are not inaptly laid down. Innocent, faithful, tender-hearted, Spiridion finds himself, when he has pronounced his vows, an object of aversion and hatred to the godly men whose lives he so much respects, and whose love he would make any sacrifice to win. After enduring much, he flings himself at the feet of his confessor and begs for his sympathy and counsel; but the confessor spurns him away, and accuses him fiercely of some unknown and terrible crime—bids him never return to the confessional until contrition has touched his heart, and the stains which sully his spirit are by sincere repentance washed away.

"Thus speaking (says Spiridion) Father Hegesippes tore away his robes which I was holding in my supplicating hands. In a sort of wildness I still grasped it tighter: he pushed me fiercely from him, and I fell with my face toward the ground. He quitted me, closing violently after him the door of the sacristy, in which this scene had passed. I was left alone in the darkness. Whether from the violence of my fall, or the excess of my grief, a vein had burst in my throat and a hemorrhage ensued. I had not the force to rise, I felt my senses rapidly sinking, and presently I lay stretched on the pavement, unconscious, and bathed in my blood."

[Now the wonderful part of the story begins.]

"I know not how much time I passed in this way. As I came to myself I felt an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if some harmonious air was playing round about me, stirring gently in my hair, and drying the drops of perspiration on my brow. It seemed to approach, and then again to withdraw, breathing now softly and sweetly in the distance, and now returning as if to give me strength and courage to rise.

"I would not, however, do so as yet; for I felt myself as I lay under the influence of a pleasure quite new to me—and listened in a kind of peaceful aberration to the gentle murmurs of this summer-wind as it breathed on me through the closed window-blinds above me. Then I fancied I heard a voice that spoke to me from the end of the sacristy: it whispered so low that I could not catch the words. I remained motionless and gave it my whole attention. At last I heard distinctly the following sentence: *'Spirit of Truth, raise up these victims of ignorance and imposture.'* Father Hegesippes, said I in a weak voice, is that you who are returning to me? But no one answered. I lifted myself on my hands and knees; I listened again, but I heard nothing. I got up completely, and looked about me. I had fallen so near to the only door in this little room, that none after the departure of the confessor could have entered it without passing over me; besides, the door was shut, and only opened from the inside by a strong lock of the ancient shape. I touched it and assured myself that it was closed. I was seized with terror, and for some moments did not dare to move. Leaning against the door, I looked round, and endeavored to see into the gloom in which the angles of the room were enveloped. A pale light, which came from an upper window half closed, was to be seen trembling in the midst of the apartment. The wind beat the shutter to and fro, and enlarged a diminished space through which the light issued. The objects which were in this half-light, the praying-desk surmounted by its skull—a few books lying on the benches—a surplice hanging against the wall—seemed to move with the shadow of the foliage that the air agitated behind the window. When I thought I was alone, I felt ashamed of my former timidity; I made the sign of the cross, and was about to move forward in order to open the shutter altogether, but a deep sigh came from the praying-desk, and kept me nailed to my place. And yet I saw the desk distinctly enough to be sure that no person was near it. Then I had an idea which gave me courage. Some person, I thought, is behind the shutter, and has been saying his prayers outside without thinking of me. But who would be so bold as to express such wishes and utter such a prayer as I had just heard?

"Curiosity, the only passion and amusement permitted in a cloister, now entirely possessed me, and I advanced toward the window. But I had not made a step when a black shadow, as it seemed to me, detaching itself from the praying-desk, traversed the room, directing itself toward the window, and passed swiftly by me. The movement was so rapid that I had not time to avoid what seemed a body advancing toward me, and my fright was so great, that I thought I should faint a second time. But I felt nothing, and as if the shadow had passed through me, I saw it suddenly disappear to my left.

"I rushed to the window; I pushed back the blind with precipitation, and looked round the sacristy. I was there entirely alone. I looked into the garden: it was deserted, and the mid-day wind was wandering among the flowers. I took courage; I examined all the corners of the room; I looked behind the praying-desk, which was very large, and I shook all the sacerdotal vestments which were hanging on the walls—every thing was in its natural condition, and could give me no explanation of what had just occurred. The sight of all the blood I had lost, led me to fancy that my brain had probably been weakened by the hemorrhage, and that I had been a prey to some delusion. I retired to my cell, and remained shut up there until the next day."

I don't know whether the reader has been as much struck with the above mysterious scene as the writer has, but the fancy of it strikes me as very fine, and the natural *supernaturalness* is kept up in the best style. The shutter swaying to and fro, the fitful *light appearing* over the furniture of the room, and giving it an air of strange motion—the awful shadow which passed through the body of the timid young novice—are surely very finely painted. "I rushed to the shutter and flung it back—there was no one in the Sacristy—I looked into the garden, it was deserted, and the *mid-day wind was roaming among the flowers.*" The dreariness is wonderfully described—only the poor pale boy looking eagerly out from the window of the Sacristy, and the hot mid-day wind walking in the solitary garden. How skilfully is each of these little strokes dashed in, and how well do all together combine to make a picture! But we must have a little more about Spiridion's wonderful visitant.

* * * * * * *

"As I entered into the garden, I stepped a little on one side to make way for a person whom I saw before me. He was a young man of surprising beauty, and attired in a foreign costume. Although dressed in the large black robe which the superiors of our order wear, he had underneath a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt, and a buckle of silver, after the manner of the old German students. Like them, he wore, instead of the sandals of our monks, short tight boots, and over the collar of his shirt, which fell on his shoulders, and was as white as snow, hung in rich golden curls the most beautiful hair I ever saw. He was tall, and his elegant posture seemed to reveal to me that he was in the habit of commanding. Much with respect, and yet uncertain, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but he smiled on me with so benevolent an air, and at the same time his eyes, severe and blue, looked towards me with an expression of such compassionate tenderness, that his features have never since then passed away from my recollection. I stopped, hoping he would speak to me, and persuading myself from the majesty of his aspect that he had the power to protect me; but the monk who was walking behind me, and who did not seem to remark him in the least, forced him brutally to step aside from the walk, and pushed me so rudely as almost to cause me to fall. Not wishing to engage in a quarrel with this coarse monk, I moved away, but after having taken a few steps in the garden, I looked back, and saw the unknown still gazing on me with looks of the tenderest solicitude. The sun shone full upon him, and made his hair look radiant. He sighed, and lifted his fine eyes to heaven, as if to invoke its justice in my favor, and to call it to bear witness to my misery, he turned slowly towards the Sanctuary, entered into the quire, and was lost presently in the shade. I longed to return in spite of the monk, to follow this noble stranger, and to tell him my afflictions—but who was he that I imagined he would listen to them, and cause them to cease? I felt even while his softness drew me towards him, that he still inspired me with a kind of fear—for I saw in his physiognomy as much austerity as sweetness."

* * * * * * *

Who was he?—My paper is just at an end, and we will have more about him in our next number.—He was somebody very mysterious indeed, but our author has taken care, after the manner of her sex, to make a very pretty fellow of him, and to dress him in the most becoming costumes possible.

T. T.

MEHEMET ALI.

As Mahmoud is dead, the destiny of the Crescent seems left to the genius of the Pacha of Egypt. His daring and successful enterprises have already attracted the attention of the world toward him, and his course becomes now doubly a matter of interest. The following sketch of the life of this individual, whose uniform successes have led his followers to believe that he is under the special protection of the Prophet, is abridged from a foreign magazine and the work of Stephens on Egypt and Arabia, and cannot fail at this time of being interesting to the reader:

Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt, was born in 1769, at Cavala, near Philippi. His father was an inferior officer of the Turkish police, and died poor, leaving Mehemet at the age of four, without a piastre in the world. He was taken home by an uncle, who was an Aga, and educated to horsemanship and the use of arms. All other branches were neglected. He was neither taught to read nor write. His uncle being murdered for his wealth, the young man was again left destitute. He then passed some years in the shop of a tobacco merchant, and here gained some knowledge of trade, which was afterward of great advantage to him. In this situation he acquired a small capital, and opened a shop for himself. He was successful and became wealthy. When Napoleon invaded Egypt, Mehemet joined the Egyptian forces against him. He distinguished himself by his bravery, and in the subsequent difficulties between the Sultan and the Mamelukes, he received from the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Kursruff, the rank of General. As success, however, always creates envy among rivals, the ear of Kusruff was poisoned by calumnies, and Mehemet was dismissed from the service. His bold spirit could not brook the indignity. He forthwith joined the Mamelukes, against whom he had been fighting, and at length compelled the Pashaw, Mehemet Kusruff, to fly to Damietta, where he took him prisoner. A new Pashaw was appointed by the Sultan, who was soon put to death by the intrigues and treachery of Mehemet Ali. After various stratagems Mehemet accomplished his purpose, and in 1803 the Sultan declared him the Pashaw of Egypt, appointed in compliance with the wishes of the people. He now announced his determination to restore Egypt to its former rank among the nations. He attached to his interest the Oriental tribes; improved the discipline of his soldiery, and took every measure to strengthen himself in his power. The Sultan became jealous of him, and issued an order deposing him from the office of Governor of Egypt. But Mehemet Ali resisted the order, and the Sultan was compelled reluctantly to yield.

The next step in his career was the massacre of the Mamelukes. He invited their chiefs to a feast at Cairo, where they were assassinated, while the body was cut off by a general massacre. He then sent out his armies under the command of his sons to pursue his conquests in Asia, and in the region of the Upper Nile. Mehemet himself was occupied at home in the improvement of his military affairs. He introduced French officers, built an arsenal at Cairo, established a military hospital, provided gun-powder manufactories, &c.

On the breaking out of the Greek war the forces of Egypt were put in requisition, and Ibrahim, who figured so prominently in that war, is the adopted son of Mehemet Ali. The military strength of Egypt now rapidly increased. The Viceroy allowed Europeans to take rank in his army without reference to creed, and expended large sums of money on military and naval preparations.

In 1831, he determined to take possession of Syria, which had been promised him for his services in the Greek war; and in October of that year he placed his army, between 40,000 and 50,000 strong, under the command of Ibrahim. This army advanced into Syria, and in the course of an eventful year achieved a complete conquest of all that province, and opened the way to Constantinople. The Turkish Government was now alarmed. It called on Great Britain for aid, but was refused. The Russians were ready to assist, but the Turks feared the result of such an alliance. A dreadful engagement took place in Asia Minor, between the forces of the Sultan and those of Ibrahim, in which the latter were victorious. Russian aid was then accepted, and an immense Russian force was brought into the Turkish dominions. After various measures of diplomacy, the Sultan yielded assent to a treaty which gave to Ibrahim the whole of Syria. The issue of the efforts of Russia resulted in the formation of a treaty of mutual protection between Russia and Turkey, which was concluded on the 8th July, 1833. This treaty, which is called the Treaty of Ukiar Skenasi, placed Turkey in a dependent situation upon Russia.

In August, 1838, Mehemet Ali announced his determination to declare himself independent of the Sultan. England, France, Austria and Russia all opposed this declaration; but this only irritated him, and brought him to the express declaration of his determination to make his power hereditary.

As if in defiance of all danger, and in the midst of threatening difficulties, Mehemet Ali left his subordinate officers to manage diplomacy, and set off on an exploring expedition to the regions of the Upper Nile. The account of this singular expedition has recently been given in the public prints. That he should undertake such a journey at the age of 70 years, through a torrid climate, and among a warlike people, is remarkable. He returned from the expedition in February last. His fortunate career since that period is given in the recent intelligence from the East.

Since the Sultan's death the Iman of Sana, the sovereign of the finest and most flourishing part of the coast of Southern Arabia, after having for six years successfully resisted the power of the Viceroy of Egypt, has suddenly thrown himself into the arms of his powerful foe, in whose favor he has offered to renounce his own sovereignty on condition of receiving a pension and retaining his ecclesiastical dignity.

Ibrahim, the adopted son of the Viceroy, is, there can be little doubt, fully his equal in point of ability.

Newburyport Herald.

THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

Railroads.—A discussion of decided general interest is now going on in the columns of several leading journals, on the question—Do not the interests of the public and those of the stockholders in Railroads unite in demanding a reduction of the rates of passage and transportation now generally charged on those works? So far as the public alone is concerned, we presume there will be little difficulty in obtaining an affirmative decision. Those who own no Railroad stock, yet often find it convenient to travel on Railroads, would like exceedingly to see the fare reduced from five cents even to one cent per mile if practicable. But other considerations than those of cheapness of transportation must be taken into account by the owners and managers of Railroads. They have invested very largely of their means—some of them to the full extent of their ability—in a costly, novel and doubtful enterprise. In the prosecution of that enterprise, they have virtually reduced the expense of traveling to the public—time, comfort and way charges being taken into the estimate—from twenty-five to fifty per cent. They are enabled now to enjoy a prospect of remunerating returns, even where they have not yet begun to realize them. The question which they are called first to consider is this: Do we not put this prospect to hazard, and endanger the loss of our property, by reducing the rates of fare some fifty or seventy-five per cent.? This is a problem of grave interest. It is evident that the public have no right to *demand* any such reduction. They had reaped large advantage already from the construction of these works, and reaped it alone. The stockholders, as a class, have as yet profited nothing. Their interests must not be disregarded, where their stake is so peculiarly great. But the question presented takes this form: Would not a signal reduction of the present rates of Railroad carriage—say of one-half—quadruple the amount of conveyance on these thoroughfares, and thereby *increase*, instead of diminishing, the profits accruing to the stockholders? If in this shape the question may be answered in the affirmative, there should be no hesitation in adopting the course so strongly indicated. But this cannot be lightly determined. All facts bearing upon the subject should be carefully collected and considered, preliminary to some future convention of Railroad Delegates with a view to discussion and concerted action.

A most valuable statistical paper, bearing strongly on the point in view, has lately been given to the American public by the Chevalier de Gerstner, a German engineer, who has been engaged since 1824 in the construction of Railroads successively in Austria and Russia, and who has devoted the last year to a careful examination of all American Railroads. As Belgium is the country which takes the lead of Europe in the systematic prosecution of Internal Improvement by Railroads, he has chosen to contrast the statistics of American with those of the Belgian Railroads as a means of communicating information to both sides of the water. We had intended, when first favored with this document by the politeness of the author, to enter very fully into its statements and details; but, having deferred it for one subject after another which seemed of more immediate interest, until its facts have already been published in other quarters, we shall now study brevity in our synopsis of its contents.

M. de Gerstner estimates that there were on the first of July last three thousand miles of Railroads in operation in the United States; and that, at the close of the current year, the aggregate will have been increased to four thousand one hundred miles. There are four hundred and twenty-five locomotives now running upon them. The average cost of Railroads in this country is about twenty thousand dollars per mile, making an aggregate of sixty millions of dollars as the cost of the three thousand miles already completed. So much for cost;—now for income: The average transportation per annum on each mile of completed American Railroad is 35,000 passengers at 5 cents per mile, and 15,000 tons of goods at 7½ cents per mile—together amounting to $2,875, to which may be added $200 for receipts from mail transportation and contingencies; making in all $3,075 as the gross annual income from each mile of Railroad in this country. The cost of transportation for the same amounts to $1,950, leaving $1,125 as the nett annual product, or about 5½ per cent interest on the first cost of $20,000 per mile. This is more encouraging than we believed; but when it is farther considered that there is an annual increase of some 15 to 20 per cent. in their average income, it must be obvious that the prospects of American Railroads are most auspicious, and that there can hardly be a doubt that, while the public is signally benefited by, the stockholders will yet derive a handsome profit from, their construction.

Now for the Railroads of Belgium: These are more recent even than our own, owing their origin to the Revolution of 1830 and the desire of the new Government to consolidate the independence of the country and give stability to the new order of things. The system of Improvement by Railroads was commenced in May, 1834, as a measure of public policy, and is to be carried through by the Government alone. When completed, all the principal towns will be connected by a network of Railroads, touching the two seaports of Antwerp and Ostend, at two points reaching the French frontier, and at one that of Germany. One hundred and fifty-nine miles of Railroad, only, had been completed up to the close of last year, viz: one line running from Antwerp through Brussels, Malines, Louvain, Tirlemont and Waremme, to Ans, eighty-one and a half miles; one from Malines through Termonde, Ghent and Bruges, to Ostend, seventy-seven and a half miles; total, one hundred and fifty-nine miles. About two-thirds of the first and all the second line were completed and put in operation between the 1st of September, 1837, and the mesa period of 1838.

The average cost of the Belgian Railroads, including locomotives and cars, is $41,300 per mile, or double that of American Railroads. M. de Gerstner gives us no reasons for this remarkable difference against so level a country as Belgium, where labor is so decidedly and iron must be somewhat cheaper than with us. Probably the cheapness of timber in America must account for some portion of the difference, and the far greater number of engines, cars, &c. required by the vastly more extensive travel on the Belgian Railroads may account for the residue. The average rate of motion in Belgium is 17 miles per hour, stoppages included; in this country, from 12 to 15 miles per hour. The delay from stoppages must be much greater in Belgium than here, owing to the far greater density of population and the vastly larger number of passengers.

We have now considered most points of comparison but those directly bearing upon the topics suggested in the commencement of this article, viz: the rates of transportation, and the influence of cheapness in increasing the number of travelers by Railroad. On this point, the Belgian official statement (from which M. de Gerstner draws his facts) is peculiarly instructive. On the Belgian Railroads, there are four classes of vehicles, all proceeding in the same train, but at rates proportioned to the accommodations afforded. The highest rate of passage is, however, but 2½ cents per mile; thence descending to 2 cents, 1½, and for the lowest class of passengers to 3 mills per mile. At these rates, the transportation of passengers on these Railroads has been beyond all precedent. In 1835, (to May, '36,) with less than twenty miles completed, there were 563,201 passengers transported an average of 11½ miles; in the last eight months of 1836, there were 729,545 passengers transported an average of 20 miles; in 1837, there were 1,364,577 passengers transported an average of 17½ miles; and in the first ten months of 1838, there were 1,921,619 passengers transported an average of 22¾ miles—an amount of transportation on less than 140 miles of Railroad (for more than one-third of the whole 159 miles was completed within this year) which must be unprecedented in the history of the world. Very little freight has yet been transported on the Belgian Railroads, the country being full of canals. The amount of travel on these Roads is equivalent to 300,000 passengers per annum over the entire completed distance—the charge for transportation averaging about *one cent and one-tenth* per mile. This extremely low rate renders Railroad traveling—time and all things considered—much cheaper than any other, even pedestrian, and consequently attracts the entire travel of the country, except of the very few who travel leisurely and without regard to expense.

The average number of passengers in a Belgian train of cars is 143; in an American, 40. The entire cost of propelling and managing each train in Belgium is one dollar and five cents per mile, in this country, one dollar. In other words, 143 passengers are there transported at the same cost with 40 here; being an average of three-fourths of a cent per mile for each passenger in Belgium, and 2½ cents in this country. The amount of net revenue from each mile of Railroad in Belgium is just about double that of this country, or in nearly equal proportion to their relative cost—the annual interest realized on the investment being there 5 and here 5½ per cent.

It is worthy of remark that the net income of the turnpikes by which Belgium is thickly traversed has been increased by the construction of the Railroads, instead of being diminished, as was anticipated. Those which lie near to and run parallel with the Railroads have of course fallen off; but this loss is more than balanced by the gain of those leading to and from the latter The Post Office receipts have also been largely increased. The average number of trips made on the American Railroads is 875, and on Belgian 3,348 per annum.

—We have thus condensed the information contained in M. de Gestner's statement; and we need now hardly commend it to the earnest attention of the stockholders, directors and friends of Railroads throughout this country. Of course, no one will imagine, because passengers may be profitably conveyed for a cent a mile in that densely populated and actively manufacturing country, through which lies the route of half the travel of Europe, that therefore equally low rates would afford a fair remuneration in this thinly settled and mainly agricultural community. Still, the evidence of these statistics bears strongly in favor of low rates of passage, as most advantageous for the stockholders as well as the public. The plan of charging different prices in the same conveyance, according to the accommodations required and furnished, we have heretofore suggested and commended. One general rule on the subject of price which can be safely commended to Railroad managers for adoption is this: Put your rates so low as at any rate to defy competition from any other mode of conveyance. You will do better to take three dollars each from *all* the travelers on your route than five from *half* the number. We put steamboat competition out of the question; a Railroad running side by side with an open steamboat route can rarely make money. But of all land conveyances, and even of canals, for passengers, Railroads must take the lead as a matter of course, not only in celerity, but in cheapness, accommodation, comfort, and ultimately in safety. We shall not attain perfection, even in Railroads, at a bound; but we look confidently to see the rates of transportation reduced and the amount of travel upon them consequently increased, within the next ten years, to an extent now contemplated by few. At any rate, we shall gladly improve every opportunity to favor so desirable a consummation.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Friday, 3 o'clock.*

Arrival of the British Queen.

Just after our paper had been sent to press, the Steamship British Queen arrived at this port in seventeen days from Liverpool, having sailed on the 3d inst. Her news is of course ten days later.

The Commercial Intelligence is not favorable. The Money Market was still exceedingly depressed, Interest exorbitant, and all descriptions of Securities drooping. Even British Consols had felt the depression. The scarcity of Specie was still severely felt. Cotton sold slowly at about the rates last given. The Grain Harvest was still doubtful, much injury having been experienced from storms in harvesting, and the Crops being exceeding backward. The price of all Breadstuffs was rather advancing.

There is no Political news of great interest. An express had reached London from India, with tidings that the British Army in Affghanistan had reached Candahar, and were preparing to place their instrument, Shah Soojah, on the throne. They would then march to Cabul. Runjeet Singh was at the point of death, at Punjaub. Very few natives and no chiefs had united in the British invading expedition.

Nothing special from Turkey. In Spain, Don Carlos was moving on Bilboa.

England.—Parliament was prorogued on the 27th ult. to the 24th of October. The Queen delivered her Speech in person. There is of course no allusion to her reported mar-

riage in it—that being manifestly a hoax. The Speech is not worth reprinting.

There have been several changes in the Cabinet. Mr. Spring Rice has resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and been succeded by Mr. F. Baring. Mr. R. Gordon of the India Board takes the post of Under Secretary, vice Mr. Baring. Mr. Rice is to be Earl of Kerry, or something of the sort.

Lord Howick has resigned the post of Secretary of War; accepted. His relative, Mr. C. Ward, has in consequence resigned as Under Secretary of the Admiralty. The Duke of Sutherland has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Shropshire and R. L. Shiel Vice President of the Board of Trade for Manchester, vice C. Poulett Thompson, who has accepted the post of Governor General of the Canadas. The Marquis of Normandy and Lord John Russell exchange their offices of Colonial Secretary and Secretary for the Home Department. With these changes it is hoped that the Ministry may stand a while longer.

The British Queen brings *two hundred* passengers—among them Mr. Vandenhoff, the Tragedian, and family.

The Chartists threaten another 'National Holiday,' to commence in a month from to-day.

The King and Queen of Hanover are both indisposed, and the receptions at court are suspended.

The Committee of the North American Colonial Association have formally protested against Mr. Poulett Thompson's appointment as Governor General of Canada.

Prince Metternich is dangerously ill, and the sacrament has been administered to him.

Turkish Fleet.—The followiug appeared in a second edition of our paper of Saturday:

"TURKISH EMBASSY, Sat. morn., 9h. 45m. A. M.

"Sir: I am directed by our Secretary to give you the following substance of a despatch received by a special courier from Paris, where it arrived by telegraph:

'The French officer who was commissioned to claim the Turkish fleet, in the name of the five great Powers, has received a flat refusal from Mehemet Ali, unless all his exorbitant demands are complied with, and the expenses he has been put to defrayed by the Sultan.'

"I have only to say that our worst anticipations are realized.—In haste, your most obedient servant,

"P. XASSIMON, Inter."

The War in Circassia.—Constantinople, Aug. 7.—According to recent accounts from Circassia, a severe battle has taken place. The Russians are said to have remained masters of the field, but have paid so dear for their victory that it was as bad as a defeat to them. They have also lost a ship of the line and two frigates by a violent storm on the coast of Circassia. [Sud of the Marseilles.

IMPORTANT FROM INDIA.—The British army under Sir John Keane have captured Kandahar. 4000 horses perished on the march from Shikarpore, and the whole army was reduced to quarter rations. The Schah is now restored, and the effect on the whole country is wonderful. At Herat the British are all-powerful, and a number of cannon were sent on from Kandahar. The Persians are said to be marching against it again. The Affghans, the bravest people of Central Asia, fled before the British in confusion. Rungeet Singh was alive, and that was all. The British force near Lahore had been greatly increased. Karah is in possession of the British; and the Persian General Kourschid Pasha was inactive on the banks of the Gulf. He had not attacked either Bussorah or Bagdad. The cholera was raging at Bombay and Banjaiore.

FROM CHINA.—At Canton affairs remained in the same unsatisfactory state. Foreigners were still prisoners, and business, of course, at an end, at all events for the present. All communication between Canton and Macao had been cut off, and the ships were lying in Macao Roads waiting the result of the Commissioners' proceedings. About one-half of the opium had been delivered up at Lintin, and it was expected the delivery would be completed by the end of April. It was believed that the Admiral, who had concentrated his whole force at Trincomalee, only waited fresh orders to proceed to Canton.

Money Market.—We had something very like a panic in Wall-street last Saturday, caused by a refusal of the State, Leather and Merchants' Exchange Banks to redeem the Country Safety Fund Banks at ¾ per cent. as usual. For a few hours all was confusion. Safety Fund sold in the street at 5 to 8 per cent. discount; Southern money likewise depreciated, and Stocks gave way with a crash. U. S. Bank, which had been selling at 104½ to 106 through the week, went down to 103, 102, 101, and was finally sold in large quantities at par after the close of the Board. The day closed gloomily, though it was announced that an arrangement was in progress for the redemption of Country Bank paper.

On Monday this arrangement went into full effect, covering all Safety Fund paper but that of the Commercial and City Banks of Buffalo, which appear to be rejected for cause. We presume the basis of the new arrangement is an agreement by the City Banks generally to unite in bearing the burden of redeeming the Country Notes, which had become too onerous on the three Banks engaged in it. Since this adjustment was effected, money matters have worn a brighter aspect, and on Thursday there was a decided improvement. Stocks rose: U. S. Bank closing at 102¾. Exchange on England rules at 110, and 110½ is asked—a rate which, if continued, will induce the export of Specie.

The Pennsylvania State Loan of $2,054,000 for the prosecution of her works of Internal Improvement, has been taken by the Bank of the United States—a small part of it by the Berks County Bank. The Loan had been begeing for some months. The terms are five per cent. per annum, with a privilege to the Banks taking it to issue five dollar notes, which are to be disbursed in payments on the works. It has been a source of complaint hitherto that the Philadelphia Banks taking the State Loans have not been permitted to enjoy the incidental advantages justly pertaining to them—their notes being instantly deposited in Country Banks and the notes of those Banks used in payments. We believe the U. S. Bank has done the handsome thing by the State in taking this Loan, at such a time for money as the present.

VERMONT.—The Bellows Falls Gazette (Whig) professes to have returns from nearly every town in that State, exhibiting the following result. If the statement be correct, the Whig majority is considerably larger than it has for some days been estimated.

Counties.	1839. Jenison.	Smallie.	'37. Jenison.	Bradley.
Bennington	1109	1266	1027	1012
Windham	2644	2088	2501	1879
Windsor	4065	2509	3562	1627
Orange	2395	2317	2185	2416
Washington	1706	2528	1605	2147
Caledonia	1541	2035	1557	1550
Essex	334	376	209	277
Orleans	1195	1052	1065	897
Rutland	2893	1861	2474	1334
Addison	2234	1212	2236	1129
Chittenden	1611	1537	1668	1366
Franklin	1913	1735	1065	897
Lamoille	727	1132	550	731
Grand Isle	295	232	247	215
Total	24,692	22,379	22,250	17,730

Jenison's majority in 1839...2,313; do. in 1837.....4,520.

The Adm. papers state in round numbers that Gov. Jenison's majority is about 1,300. Of course the above account, being most circumstantial, is most reliable. The Whig majority on the entire State ticket can hardly be less than 2,000.

The Senate stands 18 Opp. to 12 Adm., as in our last.

The House, by the Whig account, 123 Opp. to 110 Adm.

By the Adm. account, 120 Adm. to 110 Opp.

The following is the vote of the larger towns in the three last years:

	1839.		1838.		1837.	
	Opp.	Adm.	Opp.	Adm.	Opp.	Adm.
Bennington	335	384	349	348	318	294
Brattleboro'	303	128	330	107	311	132
Woodstock	419	154	456	182	353	90
Windsor	341	125	313	105	313	118
Rutland	300	126	236	51	230	61
Middlebury	262	212	250	176	263	198
Burlington	340	310	339	360	356	296
Montpelier	340	405	395	366	292	340
Danville	99	290	120	327	91	254
St. Albans	112	217	78	206	82	96

It will be remarked that the vote of this year is a large increase on that of any former year. There were still 5,000 unpolled.

MAINE.—The Administration majority is not so large as was estimated in our last, but is sufficient. Probably Gov. Fairfield's will a little exceed 5,000 votes. His vote has fallen off about 6,000 and Mr. Kent's 8,000 from last year. The following are the aggregates returned from the several Counties—many of them not yet complete:

	1839.			1839.		
	Kent.	Fairfield.	Sc.	Kent.	Fairfield.	Sc.
York, complete,	4580	5577		3564	4817	14
Cumberland, do	6416	6521	74	4848	5965	25
Lincoln, do	5823	5049	25	4411	4245	
Kennebec, all but 1 t.	6303	3699	8	5352	3380	
Waldo, complete,	2166	4752	44	1821	4126	
Hancock, 16 towns,	1075	1205		815	886	
Washington, 28 do.	1999	1832		1454	1424	
Oxford, 21 do.	2277	3626		1842	3414	
Somerset, 18 do.	2565	2008		2221	1824	
Penobscot, 41 do.	3698	4517	232	3245	4117	84
Piscataquis, 17 do.	954	1093		916	232	
Franklin, 10 do.	1208	1380		972	1259	27
Total	39,064	41,259	383	31,461	30,419	150

Fairfield's majority, 2,195. In '39, ...4,940.

The Adm. Senators are said to be chosen in Somerset by 200—a gain. The Whigs are elected in Lincoln. The Whigs will have but eight Senators—last year ten. We presume they have lost something in the House also.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Hon. Isaac C. Bates of Northampton and Barker Burrell, Esq., of Nantucket, were appointed by the recent Whig Convention Delegates at large to the Harrisburg National Convention. In regard to the Presidential candidate, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That *in the present position* of the Whig party of the country, the Whigs of Massachusetts, entertaining the highest respect for all the candidates that have been named—laying aside all preferences, and presuming to make no independent nomination of their own—solemnly reiterate their determination to stand by the selection that shall be made by the National Convention at Harrisburg, in December next, whether that selection be HENRY CLAY of Kentucky, or WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON of Ohio, or any other distinguished Whig—*and do most urgently, yet respectfully, suggest to that Convention, in making that selection, to consider only who will most conciliate the Whig party of the country, unite their strength, and achieve their common and glorious object.*

ALABAMA.—The Tuscaloosa 'Flag of the Union,' (Adm.,) divides the new Legislature of this State as follows:

Senate..... Adm. 8; Opp. 6: Adm. maj. 2
House ..... " 68; " 30: " " 38
Administration majority in Joint Ballot, 40.

MICHIGAN.—We have at length a full account of the proceedings of the late Whig State Convention at Marshall. Twenty-six Counties were represented. S. V. R. Trowbridge was President *pro tem.* and A. T. McReynolds Secretary; Gen. John Van Fossen of Washtenaw (formerly a Member of Congress from this State) was chosen President, with four Vice Presidents and three Secretaries. In the selection of a candidate for Governor, two informal and one regular ballot were taken, with the following result:

	1st inf. ballot.	2d do.	Regular ballot.
William Woodbridge	51	63	86
Augustus S. Porter	26	22	9
Zina Pitcher	22	23	4
John Biddle	10	10	7
James W. Gordon	1	0	Blank..3

Hon. WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE of Wayne was thereupon unanimously nominated as the candidate of the Whig party.

For Lieutenant Governor, the first ballot resulted as follows:

Jas. W. Gordon of Calhoun, 56 | Thos. J. Drake of Genesee, 7
H. G Wells of Kalamazoo, 12 | T. E. Gidley of Jackson, 4

Five others, one vote each. Gordon over all 28 votes.

Whereupon JAMES WRIGHT GORDON of Calhoun was unanimously nominated for Lieutenant Governor.

George C. Bates of Wayne, Thomas J. Drake of Genesee, and Daniel S. Bacon of Monroe were chosen Delegates to the Whig National Convention.

The supporters of the National Administration in Michigan held their Convention to nominate State Executive Officers at Ann Arbor on the 11th inst. Its deliberations resulted in the selection of Hon. Elon Farnsworth of Detroit for Governor, and Thomas Fitzgerald of Berrien for Lieut. Governor. This is an excellent nomination. Mr. Farnsworth is Chancellor of the State, and a man of high character, talent and worth.

Gov. Seward will visit this city next week, having accepted an invitation to review Gen. Sandford's division of Artillery on Tuesday the 24th.

Philadelphia.—They are getting up an amiable little contest for Mayor in the City of Brotherly Love. Hitherto, the Mayor has been chosen by the City Councils, and Col. John Swift has for several years held the office. Last fall, he was superseded by the Councils, and Isaac Roach appointed. Much popular disapprobation was elicited by this change,

and a law was thereupon passed giving the election of Mayor to the People. The Swift and Anti-Swift feeling still glows, and the Whig Convention declined to burn their fingers by meddling in the matter, leaving it open to a volunteer contest. Mr. Roach declines; Col. Swift is again in the field, and John C. Montgomery is the candidate of his Whig opponents. The Administration candidate is John K. Kane, Esq. The race seems to be a pretty even one, between the three.

Hon. John P. Richardson, Member of Congress from the Camden District, S. C., has resigned on account of ill health. An election will speedily be held for a successor. Mr. Richardson was of the old 'Union' party, moderately friendly to the Administration from the beginning, and therefore esteemed a more reliable supporter now than its new allies, the Nullifiers. A successor of like politics will probably be chosen.

The Detroit Advertiser—Daily and Weekly—has passed into the hands of Messrs. George Dawson, late of the Rochester 'Democrat,' and Morgan Bates, formerly of this city, by whom it will henceforth be conducted and published. Under their conduct it cannot fail to prove an able and efficient champion of the Whig cause in Michigan, of which it has long been the leading advocate.

Gen. Winfield Scott is formally proposed for next President of the United States by the Hartford, Ct, 'Patriot and Democrat,' (Conservative.) Also by the Ithaca (N. Y.) Chronicle, and the Montrose, Pa., Spectator—both Whig.

Hon. James M'Dowell of Rockbridge Co. is nominated for U. S. Senator from Viginia by several of the Western Administration journals of that State. He is a brother-in-law of Col. Benton and a very able man of the same political school. It is suggested that this nomination looks to the Presidential succession in 1844.

Gov. Boggs of Missouri has ordered the Militia of that State to hold themselves in readiness to defend his version of the Boundary in dispute between that State and Iowa. He might better order out the butcherers of the Mormons.

Mr. Clay reached Mayville, Ky. on the 8th inst., and departed the next morning for his home.

Judicial Reform.—A meeting of the citizens of Herkimer County in favor of a Reform and simplification of proceedings in our Courts of Justice will be held at Herkimer on the 28th inst. The call is signed by more than a hundred citizens of that County.

Nathaniel Mitchell has been appointed Postmaster at Portland, Me., vice Mr. Todd, removed. Mitchell was removed to make room for Todd a few years ago. Both Adm.

The Case of the Amistad.—The Africans captured on our coast on a charge of piracy, in rising upon and killing or mastering the crew of the brig Armistad of Havana, on her way to another port of Cuba, and altering her course for Africa, are now at Hartford, where, it was generally supposed, they were to be brought to trial before the District Court this week. But some difficulty appears to have arisen. It seems hard to determine what they shall be tried for, and by what Court. It would be difficult, probably, to obtain a presentment for Piracy against them from a Connecticut Grand Jury, and the claim preferred against them as fugitives and property by the Spanish Minister and him who assumes to be their owner, does not properly come under the cognizance of our Courts but of the Executive. Hence it is said that Judge Thompson declines any exercise of jurisdiction in the premises; and if the blacks are brought to trial at all, it is likely to be on a writ of habeus corpus sued out in their behalf by those who act as their friends and counsel. It is doubtful whether this writ will be sued out of the Federal or State Court—probably the latter.

The case of these Africans excites much sympathy and gives rise to an infinity of speculation.

Magnetic Iron Ore.—There is now exhibiting at the Saloon of the American Institute, a specimen of Iron Ore, (Magnetic Oxyde,) from Andirondack, Essex Co. near the utmost source of the Hudson, which was blasted from a solid ledge of the same, being part of an immense vein which comes up to the surface. The following allusion to this vein appears in the Report of Professor Emmons, State Geologist—lately made, and not yet published.

"With our present knowledge it is impossible to assign definite boundaries to this vein. On a line measured east and west, and commencing at the supposed eastern limit of the vein and terminating at excavations near the western limit of the cleared fields on the west, it *gives a width of more than 700 feet.* By measurement on a line running nearly north and south, or in the direction of its strike, it is found to extend *three thousand one hundred and sixty eight feet.*"

The Mormons.—Mr. J. P. Green, on behalf of the Mormon refugees from Missouri, addressed a large assemblage of our citizens at National Hall on Monday evening, detailing the series of horrible outrages and wanton butcheries by which the Mormon settlers were massacred and driven from their lands in Western Missouri, by the piratical squatters of that region. The relation of that horrible tragedy was often interrupted by the tears and sobs of the auditory. At the conclusion, remarks were made by Joseph Blunt, Hiram Ketchum, W. L. Stone, and others—Charles King having been called to the Chair—and resolutions expressive of profound sympathy for the oppressed, and indignation against their ruthless assassins and murderers, were adopted. A Committee was then appointed to solicit contributions for their relief.

It is a burning disgrace to civilization and humanity that the outrages of which the poor Mormons were the victims were committed, but a far deeper disgrace that those enormities have not to this day been made the subject of any judicial investigation. The Grand Juries and Prosecuting Attorneys of the Counties adjacent to the scenes of horror are grossly culpable; but what shall we say of the Governor who officially countenanced the murder of the People whom he was bound to protect? Missouri, until this blood is washed from her garments, is a disgrace to the Union.

Counterfeit Half Dollars and Quarters are afloat in this city and almost every where through the country. They are generally of zinc, washed with silver, and are lighter than the genuine article. Beware of them.

The Jewett City Bank, Conn., is to be proceeded against legally, with a view to a suspension of its business and forfeiture of its charter. The complaint against it asserts that it is chiefly owned at present by two brokers in New-York, who monopolize its facilities to the detriment of the community in which it is located.—It is a very small concern, any how.

Rain fell in the West—in Ohio, Kentucky, &c.—on the 6th, 7th and 8th inst. It was greatly needed.

Matthew Carey, Esq., a native of Ireland, but for many years an eminent book-seller and philanthropist of Philadelphia, died in that city on Saturday last, aged 80 years. He has for years devoted much time and thought to Political Economy, and is widely known as a writer of the school of Hezekiah Niles and a leading champion of the Protective System. His last publication was a statistical and argumentative exposition of the Currency Question. He retained full possession of his faculties to the last. His loss is deeply lamented.

Benjamin Lundy, an eminent philanthropist, who published the Genius of Universal Emancipation at Baltimore for years before the rise of Modern Abolition, died recently at Hennepin, Ill., at an advanced age. He was a Quaker, and a man of purest heart.

Bulwa, or *Woolwah*, one of the Africans of the Amistad, died at New-Haven on Tuesday, being the thirteenth of the number who have died since their insurrection and the third since their arrival at New-Haven.

Improvement of the Allegany.—A Convention of Delegates from several Counties of New-York and Pennsylvania interested in the improvement of the navigation of the Allegany River from Pittsburgh to Olean, was held at Olean on the 23th ult. R. Falconer, Esq., of Warren, Pa., presided. One hundred and twenty-five Delegates were present. It was resolved that the contemplated improvement is necessary and practicable, and that the General Government ought to make it. Steps were taken toward pressing the matter upon the attention of Congress.

C. B. Parsons, an actor of some note, who was converted to Methodism in the West under the preaching of Rev. J. N. Maffit, and commenced a course of study for the Ministry, has fallen from grace and returned to play-acting.

New Rice and *New Cotton* are coming into market at the South, where the Yellow Fever does not hinder.

Mr. Poulett Thompson, now of the British Government at home, is expected shortly to succeed Sir John Colborne as Governor General of the Canadas.

Henry Cassidy, Esq., Mayor of Kingston, U. C. died at that place on the 10th, aged 42, deeply lamented.

The Crops in Arkansas are very good. Cotton one-third heavier than last year; Wheat stout, but injured by rust; Tobacco good; Oats heavy, but injured by storms.

Prices of Grain and Flour.—At Rochester, Flour is $6 per barrel at wholesale; at Detroit, $5. In East Tennessee, Wheat sells at 37½ cents a bushel, and Corn has been offered at harvest as low as 18¾.

Upper Canada, opposite Detroit, is suffering severely from an epidemic, which proves fatal to many.

The Independent Journal is the title of a new impartial dudes at Jackson, Miss.

William Surtees, Cashier of a "free" (unauthorized) institution, entitled the Mechanics and Traders' Bank of Cincinnati, has absconded, with some $25.000 of the Bank's cash. He was last heard of at the Astor House of this city, and has probably crossed the waters. The Bank, it is said, will meet all its liabilities.

Pennsylvania Finances.—The Harrisburg Reporter of Saturday says: "The loan of $2,054,000 was substantially *taken*, yesterday. The mere correction of some informality is required to consummate it."

Robert M. Charlton has been reëlected Mayor of Savannah, Ga.

The Salem Free Press is a new Adm. paper at Salem, Tippah Co., Miss.

The Cotton Crop.—We receive frequent accounts of the failure of the Cotton Crop this season in particular districts, through drought, worms, storms, &c. In every instance, the injury appears to be confined within very narrow limits. There can be little doubt that the crop of the entire Planting States will prove a large average.

The East Florida Advocate, No. 1, reaches us from Jacksonville—a weekly sheet, devoid of politics. A. Jones, Jr., and Co.—$5 per annum.

The Keeseville Republican, Whig, has just been established in Essex Co., N. Y.

The Oswego County Democrat has just been started at Mexico, N. Y., by T. Messenger—Politics, Adm.

P. M. Wells has been elected Mayor of Athens, Ga.

The Yellow Fever is extending its ravages at New-Orleans, Mobile, and throughout the South-West. Its recent ravages are terrible, and its malignancy is evidently increased. There is no hope of its abating until a hard frost is experienced. Strangers who land at the Southern ports before that time, rush madly into the jaws of death.

The Augusta Chronicle, Ga., hitherto published Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly, is now published weekly only—the Yellow Fever having driven away the journeymen printers.

New Orleans Sept. 10.—By the report of the Charity Hospital it appears that during the week ending 8th instant, 140 new cases were admitted. Of these 60 were cured, 56 died, and 29 remained. For the week preceding the admissions were 110, the recoveries 84, the deaths 34.

Augusta, Geo. Sept. 11.—The Board of Health report three deaths from fever within the last twenty-four hours.

Yellow Fever.—At New Orleans on the 5th instant there were 46 interments in the several grave yards of that city all cases of yellow fever. The N. O. Louisianian of the 6th says: "The yellow fever has not become less malignant, and it seems to hunt out every individual not secured against it by a residence in the climate."

Accounts from Mobile to the 5th instant state that the fever was evidently on the spread. For three days ending on Monday evening the interments were 29.

A letter from Mobile dated 5th instant says that the deaths for the two days past had been very numerous—that the city had become like a hospital, and that out of the present population, computed at three thousand and five hundred, the doctors state that about one thousand and two hundred are sick.

At Augusta, Ga. on the 9th, there were four deaths from fever. The Board of Health on the 10th instant report 6 deaths by fever in the city, and 2 deaths in the country.

At Charleston, for the week ending the 8th instant 27 deaths—12 from fever.

The Red River Republican of the 14th ult. reports the health of Alexandria to be good for the season. There had been but few cases of sickness. On Bayou Rapids some of the planters had been suffering from fever among their slaves. The cotton on many plantations had opened sufficiently to furnish fine picking, the hands averaging as high as 150 lbs. per day.

The printers in the office of the New Orleans True American seem to have been severely visited by the prevailing epidemic. That paper of the 5th says: "The last *full* workman we had left, was taken with the fever yesterday morning; and our subscribers are indebted to the boys of the office, who have escaped, for the sheet we present to day.

Mobile.—An extract of a letter from Mobile, dated 6th inst., to a gentleman of this city, gives a fearful account of the mortality in that place. It says that the deaths for the two days past had been very numerous; that the city had become like a hospital; and that out of the present population, computed at 3,500, the doctors state about 1,200 are sick. Some of the deaths were very sudden, "say in 24 hours—others from three to five days." [Charleston Courier.

Sickness at New Orleans.—Interments at the Bayou Cemetery, Sept. 10, 27—7 from the hospital, yellow fever 15. At the Catholic Cemetery, 1 interment, not yellow fever. At the American Cemetery, 2 interments, both yellow fever. At the Charity Hospital, on the 10th, there were admitted 20, of whom 14 were yellow fever—6 deaths.

FLORIDA.—ST. MARKS, *Sept.* 7, 1839.—Many outbreaks have lately occurred among the Indians, both in Middle and East Florida. A party of sixteen U. S. soldiers of the 6th Infantry, under the command of Sergeant Honite, had quite an engagement with them near Fort Andrews. The reports will show that the Sergeant and one of his men were killed. The party behaved with great gallantry. Fort M'Clure has been attacked, one man wounded, and some horses killed. Two volunteers were killed near Fort Wheelock, not very distant from Fort King.

A steamboat on the Suwanee was fired on, and one of the hands wounded. All these attacks took place about the same time, shewing a unity of purpose and determination of spirit to resist all efforts at removal. Sam Jones and Harney are again in correspondence. Sam disavows all knowledge of the Indians who massacred Dallam and others, and says he will punish them—all stuff. Sam has not yet put his foot on the land assigned the Indians by negotiation with Chitte Tuskenungee. If he had approved the treaty, and intended to abide by it, is it not reasonable to suppose that at some period during the sixty days he would have visited the country, in which event he would have been near enough to the Calloosahatchee to have prevented the murder of Harney's party.

ST. AUGUSTINE. *Sept.* 6.—Two volunteers were killed last week near Micanopy, and their tongues cut out, and otherwise horribly mutilated.

The enemy made an attack on Fort M'Clure, killing one man and six horses.

The express rider from Micanopy was driven, with the escort, into pickets by a large body of Indians.

The steamer M'Call was fired into on the 28th ult. five miles below the mouth of the Santafe, by 20 Indians.—Eight or ten rifles were fired, followed by yells, when the party ran down to a point, and joined an additional force, who again fired into the boat, wounding 3 or 4 of the crew. The fire was returned, and one Indian was seen to fall, who was borne off by his companions.

Lieut. Hughes, 6th Infantry, committed suicide at Dedman's Bay. Cause unknown.

FROM TEXAS.—The regular packet schooner Alexander arrived yesterday from Galveston, after a voyage of 36 hours. She reports three Texian schooners of war at anchor in Galveston Bay. The third had but recently arrived from Baltimore, being of the same beautiful model and dimensions as the others. An affray occurred on the 1st inst. between the citizens of Galveston and the sailors of the Zavalla, in which several persons were severely hurt. The citizens mustered in a large body and drove the sailors on board their vessel. Colonel Williams, of the firm of McKinney and Williams, is elected to Congress by a majority of 37 votes, over Colonel Evans. The Indians on the frontier had committed no depredations. The crops were generally good, and the country improving as rapidly as ever. A new channel has been discovered into the harbor of Galveston, through which vessels drawing 12 feet water can enter with the most perfect safety at all times, and of 13 feet during high water. Hitherto vessels have found a passage with difficulty; and as the new channel has an advantage of at least twenty inches over the old, the discovery will be of great use to the navigation of Texas.

The Galveston Gazette reports (without vouching for the truth of the statement) that a proposition for an alliance with the Texian Government had been sent in by four of the Northern States of Mexico, which had revolted. A strong party in Texas were in favor of the connexion. Others oppose it. These States, it seems, wish to be recognized as independent governments, and offer in return to recognize the independence of Texas. The people of these States constitute the best part of the Mexican population, but doubts are entertained whether they are qualified to establish and maintain a Republican form of Government. An alliance with them might be serviceable to Texas by opening a lucrative trade to her citizens, and securing other advantages, and should therefore be considered desirable. [N. O. Bulletin, Sept. 10.

FROM MEXICO.—A commercial house in this city has kindly favored us with the following interesting intelligence, received by them yesterday, in a letter from their correspondent at the city of Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 17, 1839.

We learn by an arrival last night from Havre and Bordeaux, that the *famous* or infamous treaty of Admiral Baudin, at Vera Cruz, has not been ratified by the French Government, and that it was not likely to be disposed of in a friendly manner. The condition of the political affairs of this country is growing more desperate every day. A complete reversion if not subversion of the existing state of things must shortly take place. The government and people seem to be ignorant of their true position. The former seems to be disposed to quarrel with all the world, if we are allowed to judge from its repeated aggressions on the rights of foreigners residing amongst them.

The Spanish barque Marinera, which brought the above news, brings $30,670 specie, consigned to various merchants in this city. [New Orleans Bee, Sept. 10.

LATEST FROM MONTEVIDEO.—The bark Madonna, Capt. Wise, arrived last evening, from Montevideo, 25th of July, and Maldonado 1st of August.

The day before he left Maldonado, news arrived from Montevideo, of a revolutionary attempt against Fructuosa Rivera, President of the Republic. On the 26th July, Rivera left the city, and attacked a party of insurgents 200 strong, and dispersed them—a few men being killed on both sides. The object of the insurgents is to restore Gen. Oribe to the Presidential Chair, from which he was ousted by Rivera by force of arms. Small parties of revolutionists had made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Maldonado. "The people," says Capt. W., "who have just recovered from a three years' civil war, were decamping in all directions. Especially the city authorities were hard to be found. Terror had seized on all. Gen. Rivera is getting very unpopular, and the opinion of all parties was, that he could not remain long at the head of the government."

The transit of letters and passengers between Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, *even in ships of war*, being prohibited by the French Admiral, no intelligence had been received from the latter place later than July 6. We are indebted to Captain Wise for a Buenos Ayres paper of the 6th, which, however, is no later than the dates before received. The U. S. ship Fairfield was at Buenos Ayres; the Independence, Commodore Nicolson, was snug at her old quarters in Rio Janeiro.

Captain Wise complains very much of the conduct of the French at Montevideo, who, he says, abuse their power against the unoffending citizens, and search every coasting vessel, compelling the masters or owners to give security to the Consuls of their respective nations that they will not enter the Province of Buenos Ayres; and even if they are driven into the South Channel by adverse winds, they are pounced upon as good and lawful prizes. [Express.

FROM SINGAPORE.—The ship Jessore, Capt. Henderson, arrived last evening from Singapore, 27th of April, brings us papers and prices current to day of sailing—one day later than the Singapore paper brought by the Great Western.

The papers are filled with the proceedings at Macao, respecting the Opium business. The Singapore Free Press (Extra) of April 26, remarks on the intelligence received there, that "notwithstanding the assurances contained in the Imperial Commissioner's proclamation, serious doubts are expressed as to the future security of the lives and property of Foreign residents in Canton, even after the surrender of all the opium, without the prompt assistance of the British Government."

20,283 chests of opium, estimated at two million of pounds sterling, had been delivered up to the Chinese.

FROM HALIFAX.—A Halifax paper of the 11th instant, received by the mail packet yesterday, states that two American fishing vessels had been detained by a British Cruiser off Cape North, Prince Edward's Island, and compelled to throw their full fares of fish overboard, for an alleged breach of the revenue laws. [Boston Daily Advertiser.

Large Ship-of-War.—The Queen, now building in Portsmouth Dock-Yard, England, is the finest and largest ship in the English Navy. Her burden is 3100 tons. She has an elliptical stern. She will mount 120 guns—84 pounders on her lower decks, with hollow shot, 68s on her gun-decks, and 48s and 32s on her upper-deck. This vessel is 220 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 6 feet between decks (in the clear. The expense to the nation for the building and outfit of such a ship as this, is about £1000 a gun, or £120,000.

Destructive Fire at Natchez.—On the morning of the 5th inst. a very destructive fire occurred at Natchez. It broke out in Cotton Alley, in a stable, and made considerable progress before it was discovered, burning the outer warehouses, and ending only at Pearl street, with the destruction of the large warehouse belonging to Stanton, Buckner & Co., on the north side, and the large warehouse of Jacob Soria & Co. on the south side. The following warehouses were destroyed: Jacob Soria & Co., loss of property $25,000, no insurance; A. L. Gaines & Co., loss $15,000; Canon & Ayres, $2,500; James Wemble, $5,000; Caradine & Newman, $800; J. D. Dickerman, $5,000. On Cotton Alley, the fire consumed Stanton, Buckner & Co's commisson store, loss $15,000; on Commerce street, Dr. A. A. Jones's drug store was destroyed, and John R. Stockman's residence, loss $15,000. Mrs. Cornell's large boarding house at the corner of Commerce and Franklin streets, was consumed. Several other buildings fell a prey to the flames. [Picayune.

The Coal Trade.—The Pottsville Journal of Saturday observes: Our friends abroad are assured that this region will not ship this season more than 10,000 tons of Coal over the shipment of last season, even if it should exceed it any; and it is well known that the shipment of 1838 fell short nearly 100,000 tons of 1837. Many of the mines have been but partially worked, in consequence of the slack demand for our staple, and even if the market should become brisk for the remaining nine weeks of the shipping season, it is believed there are not a sufficient number of miners now left in the region, or boats that will run this season, to supply over 13 or 14,000 tons per week. The stock which was mined last winter, has been mostly shipped, and but little remains. These circumstances, with the present indications of an early and severe winter lead us to the conclusion, expressed at the head of this article.'

Forgery.—On Saturday, 7th inst. a man presented at the Mechanics' Bank of this city a check for $2,800, with the name of C. L. Bute, endorsed by W. R. Thompson. It was paid, and soon discovered to be a counterfeit. Mr. Watson, the Cashier of the Germantown Bank, gave notice a day or two afterwards that he had exchanged some large notes of the Mechanics' Bank; he came in and gave an account of those received, and a young man was apprehended and taken before the Mayor whom Mr. Watson is confident is the person with whom he changed the notes. One or two other circumstances strengthened the testimony, and the prisoner was committed for want of bail, mounting to $3,500. [Phil. U. S. Gaz.

Specie.—The Silvie de Grasse sailed yesterday for Havre, took about $200,000 in Specie, chiefly Mexican dollars and such other silver as is above par and not deposited in the Banks, and so not drawn from them.

The Marine Insurance Companies of this city are already 'full' upon Specie by the Great Western. The amount insured must be half a million. Nearly or quite that amount is to come from Philadelphia. [Jour. Com. of Friday.

Tobacco Crop in Virginia.—Virginia will have raised more tobacco this year than any other State in the Union, and it is of great value. The crop of 1838 amounted only to 26,000 hogsheads; this year it is estimated at 45,000 hogsheads. The entire tobacco crop of Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland and Ohio for this year, is estimated at 115,000 hogsheads. Last year it was only 72,000.

The Great Western Centenary Fund, in England, already amounts to more than $1,000 000. Nearly one half of the whole subscription has been paid to the treasurer.

Oregon.—The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church have chartered a vessel, which will sail on the first proximo, with fifty passengers, all connected with the Oregon Territory Mission.

The Steamboat Ohio, on her passage from Baltimore to Philadelphia, ran over a small boat in the Delaware at about two o'clock on Monday morning, on board of which were two brothers named Newkirk, one of whom was drowned.

Dr. Holmes.—The Supreme Court of the United States, has granted a stay of proceedings till January next, in the case of Dr. Holmes, preliminary to a full argument of the question in that Court.

Birth-Place of Great Men.—It is stated that the following gentlemen were all born in the County of Lancaster, Pa.: John C. Calhoun, Gen. Hamilton, Robert Fulton, John Bell and Mr. Whiteside of Tennessee, Gov. Rowan of Kentucky, Professor Eberle and Rev. Dr. McCalla of Philadelphia, and Mr. Hall of North Carolina.

Railroad Bridge Burnt.—The Railroad bridge over the river Rouge, about nine miles from Detroit, was destroyed by fire on the 5th—loss about $5,000.

Drought in Georgia.—A letter dated Macon, Sept. 9th, says—"We have had no rain here for six weeks. The wells are all drying up, and the water courses, all over the country, are also dry, and but one grist-mill within hearing of this place, that can do any grinding. The fine Cotton prospect in this section is ruined."

NEW-YORK.

☞ We have a few copies of Vol. VII. (just closed) of THE NEW-YORKER, *Quarto*, from March 20 to September 20, 1839. They contain the entire series of *Combe's Lectures*, beside a great variety of original and selected Literature and a complete chronicle of the Political and other important events of the day. They are neatly put up in readiness for the binder, and will be sold at the advance subscription price—$1 75 per Volume. Any gentleman choosing to have one will see the propriety of early application.

*** We shall always furnish odd numbers of our papers when we have them in place of those miscarried or defaced; but we ask our friends to consider whether we ought to be required to do so entirely at our own cost. In many cases, subscribers whose numbers have been ruined by borrowers or hard usage at home, call on us to supply half a dozen—frequently to the destruction of a volume. The ready excuse "not received" silences but does not satisfy us. We are willing to take the trouble of hunting out and supplying missing numbers, at the risk of despoiling our own sets, but we ought not to be required to give them away.

☞ Gentlemen whose files need replenishing will please apply at once. By-and-by we shall be unable to furnish them.

☞ Subscribers to The New-Yorker in thir City can have their volumes cheaply and well bound by leaving them, with directions, name and residence, at this office.

☞ **Every subscriber whose term expired with the** volume just closed, and who does not wish our paper any longer, will please return *this number*, with name and post-office fairly written thereon, through the Post-Office. A failure to do this will be considered an assent to receive the next volume. It has been judicially established that a failure to notify a publisher at the close of a subscription entitles him to receive payment for another year.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to commence their subscriptions for The New-Yorker with the new Quarto Volume, will oblige us by sending in their names as soon as convenient. We cannot guarantee a supply of back Nos. longer than through the month of October.

The Rose of Sharon; a Religious Souvenir, for 1840: *Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton.*—The success which has hitherto attended the publication of elegant annual volumes of interspersed and richly illustrated prose and verse of the more attractive cast, has led to the wide adoption or imitation of the original idea. We have now Picturesque or Scenic Annuals, Annual Collections of Poetic Gems, highly embellished, Comic Annuals, &c. &c. We believe the 'Christian Keepsake' was among the earliest publications of the genus in England; but the hint was not improved in this country until a few years since, when the 'Religious Annual' was issued, and has ever since appeared with each succeeding Autumn, a welcome and honored visitor to thousands. The volume before us is another, and in respect to embellishment a humbler, aspirant to the favorable regard of the religious; but differs from the other in the material point of faith: the Annual assuming as heavenly truth the opinions known as Orthodox, while the Rose of Sharon is got up by Universalists, and is intended to favor the sentiments of that denomination. Not that there is any thing in the volume directly bearing on points of religious controversy; but its pages are filled almost exclusively by writers of the faith already indicated; there are obvious leanings to and direct recognitions of the Universalist doctrine as truth in many places; and the work, we understand, appeals more directly to those who cherish that faith, for countenance and patronage. To their favor, it presents strong claims, despite the meagreness of its pictorial embellishments; for most of its articles are ably written, and breathe the gentlest spirit of purity and peace. Among the contributors are Mrs. J. H. Scott, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, (names not unknown to our readers,) Miss S. C. Edgarton, Miss M. A. Dodd, Messrs. A. C. Thomas, A. B. Grosh, J. G. Adams, L. L. Saddler, J. M. Austin, O.A. Skinner, H. Bacon, and others well known in the denomination to which they are attached. The letter-press extends to 352 pages, and is beautifully executed; the work is well got up in every particular, but that of pictorial illustrations, which are indifferent; and we cannot refrain from advising the publishers, should they publish another year, to procure one good engraving—a first-rate one—in preference to half a dozen middling ones. It will be altogether more acceptable. We have culled some gems of poetry from the volume for our next.—Price $2. (Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. New-York: P. Price, 130 Fulton-st.)

Yellow Fever.—The deaths at Mobile on the 7th instant, were 13—on the 8th, 15. Total in 8 days 129.

Notices.

The Southern Literary Messenger gave us an excellent number for September. Its articles were various and pleasing and of a popular cast, though, in our estimation, they exhibited less vigor than is usual in this work. Its first prose-paper was a review of 'Recent American Poetry,' taken from the Democratic Review. This article entire and extracts from it have appeared in a great number of American journals. Mr. White, the Editor of the Messenger, is indefatigable in his efforts to gratify his readers, and there should be a reciprocal endeavor to sustain his work. (Subscriptions received in New-York by H. Greeley and Co., No. 1 Ann st.)

The Knickerbocker for this month comes 'tardy off,' as is its wont. We understand, however, that the lateness of its last appearance was owing to the illness of its able and industrious Editor. It has its usual supplement of papers from its regular contributors. Mr. Irving has done a little better than last month; but when will he have done harping on that one string? Why not give us some sketches as of old? some narratives of his adventures in the great West? some story that has an American interest? Not one of his contributions to this magazine, if we except a very beautiful piece on the Birds of Spring, has been on the level of his former reputation.—A most valuable acquisition is the person who calls himself 'HARRY FRANCO,' and writes 'Gimcracks.' His story of Old Von Bustur is capital: had it proceeded from Mr. Irving's pen, it would have created considerable ecstasy in the small circles of diminutive *litterateurs*.

The Gentleman's Magazine.—In his conduct of this journal, Mr. Burton shows that his abilities as an Editor and author are not inferior to those which are universally conceded to him as an actor. He has of late added largely to his claims upon public favor and support by engaging the services of Mr. Edgar A. Poe—whose writings are full of fire, wit and originality. This Magazine has never made any loud flourish of trumpets over the names of its contributors; but, resting confidently on the intrinsic merits of its papers, it has gained a wide circulation through the country. It is always lively and amusing, never dull, and, what is still better, it is just and impartial in its criticisms. We take great pleasure in recommending it to Mr. Burton's numerous friends and admirers in this city. (Agent, Mr. Ismel Post, Bowery.)

The Democratic Review.—This journal improves constantly: we refer to its prose-articles, for its poetical are sometimes poor enough. What sort of metre is this?—

'Spot blessed of heaven! the halo round thee shed
Is a bright emanation from above;
A glorious mantle softly o'er thee spread
By Him whose self is purity, whose motive, love.'

Mr. M. D., which we take it means Doctor of Medicine, must be restrained from administering any more doses of this kind. A very valuable article, evidently written, as few periodical productions are, with much thought and labor, is that on the Progress and Present Condition of the General Post Office. The Editor has allowed himself to be imposed upon by what seems to be an original and deeply interesting story in 'The Bequest, a Tale of the Last Century.' It is nothing more or less than the old ballad of 'The Heir of Linn,' done into fine-sounding prose—of course infinitely inferior to the simplicity of the original. We have seen precisely the same story told in prose in a Child's Annual, called 'The Youth's Keepsake;' but the author had the honesty to confess the source from which it was derived. The Review copies from the Knickerbocker Mr. Bryant's magnificent stanzas 'The Winds.'

The Countess Ida, by the author of 'Norman Leslie.'—We have looked over the MSS. of Mr. Theodore S. Fay's new novel, and we predict that its publication will greatly enhance the fame of that popular author. The story is deeply interesting and it is sustained with unflagging excellence to the end. It is remarkably well written: some of the descriptions are eminently fine, and it conveys an admirable moral. The hero is a man who could never, by the force of any circumstances, so far forget his duty to God, as to fight a duel.

☞ Mr. S. COLMAN, 8 Astor House, offers a rich variety of Presentation and other Books of the season, including those of which he is the publisher. See Advertisement.

The Obligations of the World to the Bible; a Series of Lectures to Young Men, by Gardiner Spring, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the city of New-York.—The high importance of the subject of these Lectures would sufficiently recommend them to the attention of thinking people, were not the name of their author a sure guarantee of their value and excellence. They are published at the urgent request of the Congregation to whom they were delivered. The book is printed in the elegant style which distinguishes all the publications of its publishers. (New-York: Taylor and Dodd. 1 vol. octavo.)

New Works.—Lea and Blanchard have just published in two volumes duodecimo, "Opinions of Lord Brougham, on Politics, Theology, Law, Science, Education, Literature, &c. &c., as exhibited in his Parliamentary and Legal Speeches and Miscellaneous Writings." Also, "Hamilton King, or the Smuggler and the Dwarf," by the Old Sailor, author of 'Tough Yarns,' 'Stories of Greenwich Hospital,' &c.

Harpers have in press Hallam's "History of the Literature of the Middle Ages"—said to be a work of great learning and excellence.

Song-Writing.—The Mirror of last week, in an article on Song-Writing, remarks—"Now Bulwer, with all his ability, nay, undoubted genius, cannot write a song." It is a little curious that this assertion is made in the face of the fact that Bulwer has written one of the most beautiful songs in the language. It is set to music under the title of 'Paul Clifford's Serenade.' The first stanza is unsurpassed in its way by any thing in Moore or Byron:

'There is a world, where, every night,
My spirit meets and walks with thine,
And hopes, I dare not tell thee, light,
Like stars of love, that world of mine!'

Astor House.—The satisfactory manner in which this hotel is conducted, causes it to be thronged with visiters at this busy season. Between five and six hundred individuals slumber every night within its walls. It is appropriately designated as "The Granite Village," for its average number of inhabitants is greater than that of many of our smaller towns. No better purveyors and curators for such an establishment could be found in the United States than Messrs. Boyden, Colman and Stetson. We perceive that they announce apartments and accommodations for families and single gentlemen during the winter on reasonable terms. All those who have lived in the house, recommend it in the warmest terms; and we can, from personal experience, testify to the politeness of the landlords and various officers of the house, and to the obedient attention of the servants. Apartments in the Astor may be truly said to have all the conveniences without the troubles of private dwellings.

"*The Christian Harp*" is a neat little collection of Sacred Harmonies—words and music—just published by C. Dingley, Teacher of Music in this city, and for sale by H. & S. Raynor, 76 Bowery. It forms No. I. of a series which is to be continued. Price only 12½ cents. It is especially calculated for Sabbath Schools.

☞ Mr. S. Colman, 8 Astor House, has all the American Annuals for 1840 now for sale—a 'goodly companie.' Among them are The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, The Gift, Religious Annuals, &c. &c.

☞ We *understand* that Carey and Hart have published 'The Gift' and 'The Violet;' but are inclined to discredit the report, as no copies have found their way to our office.

The Western Railroad of Massachusetts will be opened from Worcester to Springfield on the 1st of October. This will complete 97 miles of the route from Boston to Albany.

G. T. M. Davis, an Attorney of Alton, Ill. is advertised as having absconded from that place, leaving his daughter on her death-bed, and taking some $20,000 of cash belonging to other people, beside owing any quantity of debts. He is supposed to have made tracks for Canada.

Major General Macomb left the city yesterday on a short excursion to the North. It is understood to be the intention of the General in Chief to visit the encampment at Trenton, and to review the troops there on Saturday. [Nat. Intel.

Elections to take place.—The Congressional Election in Maryland takes place on the first Wednesday in October; in in Mississippi on the 4th and 5th of November.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. N. Jones, M. C. NEW-YORK, Sept. 20, 1839.

SIR: Circumstances in every respect beyond my control have, to the present, precluded the continuation of those strictures on the Structure of the English Language to which, in accordance with previously expressed intentions, I had determined to invite your attention.

As the channel through which I had formerly the honor to address you is necessarily changed—and, with all just deference thereto, for a more suitable one, so far as the theme under consideration is involved—I find myself compelled to alter the course which I had, in the first instance, intended to pursue.

Aware that your politeness, blended with your philosophic disposition, will readily induce you to excuse further indulgence in prefatory narration, I shall proceed to particulars of a practical character. For this purpose, I shall firstly select for elucidation the peculiarities of *the* VERB; which, by way of eminence, is perhaps appropriately termed the *soul* of Language; and by attributing, as it were, *spirit* to the properties of my subject, enliven its import, and thus afford an early foretaste of what is likely to occupy your future consideration.

A Verb expresses the performance or the endurance of an action; as, *to smite, to walk, to be smitten.* It also expresses a state of being, or a condition, as *to be, to exist, to live.*

Verbs are of four kinds—Active-transitive, Active-intransitive, Passive and Neuter.

An *active-transitive* verb not only attributes action to an agent or actor, but also requires an object to receive its action; as *to smite,* 'John smites James.'

An *active-intransitive* verb is expressive of action which is confined to its agent or actor, and consequently has no effect on an exterior object; as *to walk, to think, to dance:* 'I walk, He thinks, They dance.'

A *passive* verb represents an object as under a passion or suffering, or as receiving or enduring an action from an agent; as *to be smitten,* or *being smitten:* 'James is smitten or being smitten by John.'

A verb absolutely *neuter* implies neither action nor passion, but a state of existence, inaction, or condition; as *to be, to exist, to live:* 'I am, He exists, We live.'

Having thus described *the verb,* as also its varied nature and effects, I must observe, that numerous words under this denomination admit of *transitive,* as well as *intransitive* significations, agreeably to the sense in which they are employed: thus *to decide* or *determine,* when it signifies *to fix the event of some doubtful incident,* is ACTIVE-TRANSITIVE. When it means to *conclude,* or *resolve* MENTALLY, it is *active-intransitive. To treat,* when it means *to accommodate* or *entertain,* is TRANSITIVE: as 'I treat *him.*' When it signifies *to deliberate* or *discourse,* it is INTRANSITIVE; as 'I treat *of* him;' 'I treat *of grammar.*' In the first of these examples, the VERB (as *active-transitive*) has the government of the pronoun *him;* in the second, and third, the PREPOSITION *of,* notwithstanding the employment of the *same* verb, under the *same* construction and regimen (in both cases)—of which more hereafter.

As the introduction of these distinctions necessarily indicates the promulgation of peculiarities not altogether familiar to grammarians of ordinary research, and amongst whom, as a principal, I am compelled to include Mr. Murray, I feel, as an opponent to preconceived opinions, on this point, that my duty is best discharged by placing my views in juxtaposition with those hitherto inculcated.

In pursuit of this determination, I take leave to state that on the subject of certain verbs of *like* construction to those which I have introduced, Mr. Murray imagined that he had effected a novel and important discovery—however, I apprehend, of so peculiar a character as to preclude the generality of intelligent philologists from participating in its utility. He observes: "A neuter verb, by the addition of a preposition, may become *a compound active verb.* To SMILE is a verb neuter, and cannot be followed by an ol jective case. We cannot say, 'She *smiled* him,' or 'He *was smiled*;' but TO SMILE ON being a *compound active verb,* we properly say 'She smiled on him;' 'He was smiled on by fortune in every undertaking.'"

In the first place, attention is drawn toward this theory, in order that by its exposure we may not be induced to receive as legitimate a doctrine of so imbecile a character. In the *operative* employment (if so I may speak) of all such sentences, the government of the nouns or pronouns is confined to the *prepositions,* not to the *verbs.* In the phrases 'She smiled *on* HIM,' 'I rode *on* HIM,' 'He spoke *to* HER,' 'We laughed *at* THEM,' (constructions which I designate by the term *operative* or *active* in their formation, so as to distinguish between them and those which are *passive* or *neuter,*) the verbs are unquestionably *intransitive,* and cannot, therefore, participate in the government of the pronouns to which they refer. In the next place, I advert to the words of Mr. M. in this instance for the purpose of exhibiting the impropriety of the phrase 'He was smiled on by fortune in every undertaking,' which he maintained was grammatically correct.

A more cogent proof of the impropriety of this mode of phraseology needs not to be introduced than the following laconic one: An intransitive or a neuter verb can *in no case* perform the office of a passive verb. However, as a more satisfactory explication is necessary for the hitherto misguided grammarian, I shall for the present, and while thus engaged on preliminaries, merely remark that *transposition,* which is unquestionably the best clue to discover the latent construction of a sentence, will infallibly support my position: thus—'By fortune he was smiled on in every undertaking.' Hence arises the natural question 'On what object was he smiled?' To this query no decisive or satisfactory answer can be returned, as this so denominated but miscalled *compound active verb* governs neither noun nor pronoun in the sentence. And here I must observe that in every sentence of this nature, in which a verb is *legitimately* employed in a passive *sense*—not *form*—we justly, nay, unavoidably, conclude that the action which is involved, and necessarily implied, in the use of such verb, must be conveyed ON some object BY the agent of that action; which evidently is not the case here, as by transposition of the sentence does appear.

To render this view familiar, I need only introduce the following sentences of *passive* construction; in each of which the *prepositions alone* participate in the government of the succeeding nouns, as the objects to which they point; while, in the instance under examination, the object is governed by the preposition BY as its natural controller, but not by the *passive* construction *was smiled on;* so inconsistently, unaccountably and unprecedently denominated "*a compounded* ACTIVE *verb.* Thus: 'The cargo was thrown *on* the shore *by* the *crew*;' 'The vessel was launched *on* the water *by* the *men*;' 'The doctrine was forced *on* the hearers *by* his *eloquence.*'

In these examples, the nouns *shore, water* and *hearers* are governed in the *objective* case in each instance by the preposition *on,* and the nouns *crew, men* and *eloquence* by the preposition *by,* as is also the noun *fortune* in the example furnished by Mr. Murray—a circumstance which completely excludes the necessity for its government by the fantastically-created *compound active verb;* which, in direct opposition to the universally acknowledged nature of an *active verb,* neither governs, nor has for its influence, in that respect, any object whatever. Besides, how unaccountably strange that Mr. M. should represent as of *active* import a verb which he admits to be *neuter,* and, as such, to denote 'neither action nor passion'!

I have been thus particular—perhaps prolix—on this point, in order to remove prepossessions of an injurious character, as also to prepare the public mind for the facile reception of the truly interesting practical matter dependent on these theories.

With great respect, I have the honor to be your obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH W. WRIGHT.

THE FROZEN PROPHET OF SEVILAN.

Mr. Morier, in his volume of Travels entitled 'A Second Journey through Persia,' &c., mentions, although somewhat sceptically, a circumstance which has since been authenticated as a fact by a British officer. The distinguished Plenipotentiary says: "The Mountain of Sevilan is held in high veneration by the Persians, who relate that in one of the snowy chasms at its summit is to be seen the dead body of a man, always frozen, but in the highest state of preservation, with the exception of one tooth and part of the beard, and which they believe to have belonged to a *peughember,* or prophet, whose name the mountain bears to this day. Although this story is in every one's mouth, and confirmed with assurances that many have seen the body, yet we never met with any one person who had himself seen it. We rather lowered what in their estimation is a miracle, by informing them that bodies of any description will preserve entire as long as they remain frozen, and that they had only to seek the frozen market of Petersburg to convince themselves of the fact."

The statement of animal bodies being preserved from decay if enshrined in ice, is a well-ascertained truth. The body of a mammoth or fossil elephant, was found entire in an iceberg in Siberia about the beginning of this century. As the animal belongs to a race now long extinct, it had certainly remained there many thousand years—how many, it would be vain to conjecture. No better proof, therefore, can be afforded of the preserving properties of ice; and so far we were prepared to credit the truth of what the Persians said regarding their deceased prophet. But all doubt on the subject has been removed by Captain Shee of the Madras Infantry, who, in a letter to Colonel Monteith, thus describes his visit to the tomb:

"After a ride of eighteen miles, we came to a camp of Illiants, and had not been long seated when we perceived a party descending which proved to be the Mulli Aashi of Teheran and Ali Kham, who had been sent by order of the King. They told us it was not worth our while to ascend, as there was nothing to see and the difficulties were very great. From their fresh appearance we much doubted their having reached the summit, and determined on the following day at least to endeavor to accomplish our object. Two hours before daylight we mounted our horses, with two guides, and rode six miles, when we were obliged to leave them and proceed on foot. The mountain did not appear very difficult, but we soon found our mistake. After mounting four distinct ranges, every one of which led us on in hopes of being the last, we reached the summit by the east south-east side at 11 A. M., having been walking five hours—our guide, an old man of seventy years of age, being the first. On the top of the mountain we found a tomb consisting of stones, neatly put together, and covered, except at one end, where a few stones had been removed to look at the body. In it we found the skeleton of a man lying with his head and body inclining to the right side (turning toward Mecca.) The front half of the skull, the left collar bone, the left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, with four ribs on the left side, were alone visible. Some dried flesh and pieces of the winding-sheet were still adhering to the skeleton. The remainder of the body was buried in ice and earth. The skull was perfect, except some of the front teeth, which were lying about the tomb. Twenty teeth are still in their places, perfectly even and beautifully white. There appears no doubt that before the stones were removed the body was perfect, and that the remainder, which is buried in the ice, is still so. Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded to see an extraordinary stone, out of which, the Persians say, oil is distilled, and that at a hole in the top a diamond is seen. After crossing about a mile of snow and ice on the summit of the mountain, we came to an amphitheatre of about 600 yards in circumference, containing a pond of the purest water; the sides were covered with snow, and long pendant icicles gave it a beautiful appearance. To the right of the pool, a little higher up, was a cleared spot with a wall about three feet high, inclosing a stone three feet in hight by four in length, over which a quantity of oil appeared to have been poured. In the centre was a hole which had the appearance of being used as a lamp, and in it a piece of lead to hold a wick, which the Persians had called a diamond. Numbers of offerings were placed round it. Near it was another stone with some rude letters cut in it. From the appearance of the place I concluded that at some periods of the year the Illiants frequent the spot and perform some religious ceremonies, making the stone the lamp. It took us three hours and a half to reach the place where we left our horses. We returned to the camp we had before left, perfectly persuaded that the Mulla Bashi had never ascended the mountain. Water boiled at 180 degrees of Fahrenheit; the temperature in the tomb was exactly the freezing point."

We have quoted the passage entire, both because it is interesting in itself and because it proves that the mountain of Sevilan is, or has been, a scene consecrated to religious rites. The temperature at which water boils indicates an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the ocean. It is situated in about latitude 38° 12′, rather more than a degree east from the shores of the Caspian Sea, in the Province of Axerdbijan. It is much higher than any other elevation in this territory, with the exception of Mount Ararat. Sevilan appears to have been a volcano, there being many indications of the fact, although the remains of any crater are no longer visible. There are four distinct peaks or pinnacles which closely resemble each other, and may at a distance be mistaken one for another. All around its base are warm springs, but none of them with a heat above 104 degrees, which is far below the temperature of any other thermal fountains. With regard to the individual whose remains have been deposited in this singular cemetery, our travelers are silent. He was, no doubt, one of those impostors so numerous in countries where the Mahommedan religion prevails, who lay claim to the divine afflatus, and who seldom fail of securing a credible body of supporters. Whether it was a desire of his own so to be interred, or whether it was an afterthought of his followers, we are not informed. The Illiants here mentioned are wandering races of Persi, constituting, it is supposed, about one-fourth of the whole population of the country. They form almost a distinct class by the nature of their habits, which are migratory, and by their mode of gaining a livelihood. They are distributed into a number of distinct tribes, who keep entirely separate from one another, like the clans of old.

CIRCULAR.

To His Excellency the Governor of —— and the Members of the Legislature of that State.

FELLOW CITIZENS: At the ninth annual meeting of the American Lyceum, held in the city of New York on the 3d, 4th and 6th days of May, 1839, the following resolutions, proposed by Professor Brooks, of Massachusetts, were maturely considered and unanimously adopted—viz:

"Resolved, That it is expedient to hold a National Convention for one week in the 'Hall of Independence' at Philadelphia, beginning the 22d of November next at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of discussing the various topics connected with elementary education in the United States.

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to request the Governor (and, if in session, the Legislature) of each State in the Union to invite the friends of education in their State to attend the Convention."

The undersigned, having been appointed to form the committee, do now in obedience to their instructions respectfully address you on this paramount subject.

The American Lyceum, in taking measures to carry into effect the above resolutions, expresses its deep anxiety for the proper physical, intellectual and moral culture of every child in the United States. It is ascertained that as many as nineteen out of every twenty children, who receive instruction, receive it in the common schools. These schools therefore must be with us the hope of civilization, liberty and virtue. To elevate them so as to meet the wants of our republic is the high and single aim of the Convention. Parties in politics, and sects in religion, will not for a moment be recognized in any form. No power will be invested in the Assembly. It will be, we trust, a company of philanthropists, patriots and christians come together in the spirit of an expansive benevolence, to consult for the highest good of the rising generation: and whose deliberations and results, when published to the country, will bring the great cause of Education simultaneously before the several States in a form for enlightened, definite and successful action. As subservient to this humane and patriotic object we would suggest a few among the many topics which will demand the attention of the meeting, viz:

How many children are there in each State who, according to the laws of that State, should be under instruction? How many of this number are found in the schools? What is the condition of the common schools in each State? What is the organization of the school system? What branches of knowledge should be taught in our common schools? What should be the character of our common school books? How may school apparatus and school libraries be made most useful? In what branches should instruction be given orally, and in what degree? What should be the qualifications of teachers? Are normal schools (or seminaries for the preparation of teachers) desirable? On what plan should they be established? Is a central normal school for the Union desirable? Should it be under the direction of Congress or a society of citizens? What connection should the common schools have with academies, colleges and universities? What models for school-houses are best? Will a 'Board of Education,' established by each State, afford the best supervision and secure the highest improvement of the schools? How can itinerant teachers and lecturers best supply destitute places? Is a national system of instruction desirable? How should a school fund be applied? In what part of each State has the greatest progress been made in elementary education? How may school statistics, which must be the basis of legislation, be most easily collected? What features of the systems now in operation in Holland, Germany, Prussia, France and Great Britain, may be most usefully adopted in this country?

Fellow Citizens: The discussion of these and kindred questions will probably elicit a mass of information the importance of which cannot be easily overstated. We would therefore urge those who shall attend the Convention to come prepared for making known the valuable facts they can gather. Believing that all the talent of a country should be so tempted forth, by judicious culture, as to bring it into profitable and harmonious action; that it is important to the public good as well as to private happiness that we should receive the requisite supply of useful information; and that each faculty which the Creator has implanted in childhood should be developed in its natural order, proper time and due proportion, we invite you to secure the attendance of delegates from your State prepared to promote the first duty of our republic —*the education of youth*. Believing that our country must look to intelligence for its defence and to virtue as its life-blood; and that the plan now proposed, originating in the most enlightened views of freedom and humanity, will be the first in a series of means for securing the greatest good to future generations, not only among us but to our sister republics, the Lyceum desires to bring into a focus all the light which can be collected in our land. Some of the most distinguished gentlemen in several States have promised to be present; and we would suggest the expediency of inviting the Members of Congress (who will be on their way to Washington about the time of the meeting) to join the Convention.

With the most heartfelt good wishes for the success of every effort for the benefit of the young both in our State and throughout the Union, we are your friends and fellow citizens,

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN, of N. J.
CHARLES BROOKS, of Mass.
JOHN GRISCOM, of Penn.
HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, of Michigan.
THEODORE DWIGHT, Jr. of N. Y.

New York, June, 1839.

P. S.—We respectfully invite each editor of a newspaper in the United States to give his patrons an opportunity of reading the above Circular; and to add this postscript as recording our sincerest thanks for his friendly co-operation.

From the Savannah Georgian, Sept 14.

FROM FLORIDA.—The steamer Santee, Captain Miller, arrived this morning, (Saturday,) brings the following from our correspondent:

"GAREY'S FERRY, Sept 3, 1839.

"*My dear Sir*—I have been silent since the notice of Col. Harney's unfortunate affair at the Trading House, as there has been little or nothing new since then. The Indians in the western part of the east of Florida and in Middle Florida manifest decided symptoms of hostility, such as killing and mutilating persons falling in their way, firing into Government steamboats, &c. From Deadman's Bay we have accounts of the suicide, by cutting his throat, of Lieut. Charles J Hughes, of the 6th Infantry. Lieut. H. was a son of our Charge d'Affaires to Sweden, Christopher Hughes, Esq.

The Greatest Speed ever known.—The Steamboat Rochester has eclipsed all other boats by 45 minutes. She left New York on Thursday evening at 5 o'clock, and arrived in Albany at 1 o'clock and 35 minutes, making the passage in 8 hours and 35 minutes.

☞ The New-Yorker may be obtained regularly at the *Bowery News Office*, 170½ Bowery, between Brfome and Spring-sts.

Mr. W. N. HARRISON, 4 Holliday-st., Baltimore, Md., will act as our Agent for that city.

J. KNOWLES, Esq., Quincy, Fl., has kindly undertaken the Agency of The New-Yorker for Middle Florida.

C. A. MCWILLIAMS, P. M., will act as Agent for The New-Yorker at Springfield, Ohio, vice J. A. Crane, resigned.

CYRUS SMITH, Esq., will act as Agent for The New-Yorker in Union College and at Schenectady.

A. WARNER, P. M. do. at Lima, Livingston Co. N. Y.

Mr. JAMES RICHARDSON is fully accredited to act for us generally in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire.

☞ Mr. C. W. JAMES has resumed the Agency of The New-Yorker for the State of Ohio, and is now on a tour through that State. Our friends will please take notice.

Mr. DANIEL PARKHURST of Oneida Co. is no longer an Agent for The New-Yorker.

, Subscribers often make the absence or negligence of an authorized Agent their apology for not remitting. This is wrong. In all cases where no other mode is more convenient, let them enclose the money direct to this office. The certificate of the Postmaster that it was sent will constitute a valid receipt. Where it is not convenient to send the exact sum, let them send such sum as is convenient, and we will credit them accordingly.

☞ Persons whose names are on our list of Agents but who cannot act in that capacity are earnestly requested to notify us of the fact. If they will each suggest some efficient, thorough, trustworthy substitute who *will* act, our obligation will be deepened.

☞ *The Politician's Register*, a full tabular exhibit of Elections in the United States through the years 1836, '7, '8, is for sale at this office. Price only 12 1-2 cents.

NEW-YORK PRICES CURRENT.

Saturday, September 21, 1839.

Ashes, per 100 lbs.—		*Provisions*, per bbl.—	
Pot, 1st sort, 1837..$.	....a 5 00.	Beef, Mess	14 50.a15 00.
Pearl	6 ....a 6 12½	" Prime	11 00.a11 25.
Coal, per chal.—		" Cargo	....a ....
Liverpool	9 00.a 9 50.	Pork, Mess	15 75.a18 00.
Anthracite, per 2000,	7 50.a 9 00.	" Prime	11 75.a14 00.
Cotton, per lb.—		" Cargo	....a ....
New Orleans	0 10.a 0 13.	Hog's Lard, per lb	11.a. 13.
Upland	0 11¼.a 0 10½	Butter, Goshen dairy	22.a. 24.
Fish, per cwt.—		" Western "	16.a. 18.
Dry Cod	3 75.a 3 87½	Cheese, American	8¼a. 9¼
Mackerel, No. 1, bbl.	14 50.a14 75.	Hams, smoked	10¼a. 13.
" No. 2	10 87.a11 00.	*Rice*, per 100 lb	4 37½a 4 75.
" No. 3	7 00.a 7 25.	*Salt*, p. bush. T. Isl.	37.a. 37½
Herrings	3 50.a 5 00.	Liverpool ground	38.a. 40.
Shad, Cons. Mess	18 00.a19 00.	*Saltpetre*, per lb.—	
Flour, per bbl.—		Refined	7.a. 8¼
New-York sup	....a....	Crude, E. I	6.a. 6¾
Western Canal	6 88.a....	*Sugars*, per lb.—	
Baltimore, How'd-st.	6 37½a 6 50.	St. Croix	9.a. 10.
Richmond City	7 37½a 7 50.	Havana..White	11.a. 12½
Rye	4 25.a....	" ..Brown	7½a. 8¼
Indian Meal	4 00.a....	" ..Muscovado.	6¾a. 7¼
Grain, per bush.—		Brazil..White	9½a. 10.
Wheat, N. R.	....a....	Manilla..Brown	7.a. 7¼
" Western	....a....	Lump	14.a. 15.
" Virginia	1 30.a 1 35.	Loaf	15 a. 16.
" N. Carolina	1 30.a 1 35.	*Tallow*, per lb —	
Rye, Northern	85.a....	Foreign	12 a. 12½
Corn, Yellow North	....a. 92.	American	12.a. 12½
" White South	78.a....	*Teas*, per lb.—	
Barley, N. R	....a....	Imperial	47.a. 54.
Oats, South & North.	40.a. 50.	Gunpowder	47.a. 54.
Hops, per lb.—		Hyson	40.a. 87½
First sort, 1837	15.a. 16.	Young Hyson	44.a. 78½
Leather, per lb.—		Hyson Skin	31.a. 35.
Sole, Oak	21.a. 28.	Souchong	20.a. 35.
" Hemlock	20½a. 23.	Bohea	17.a. 20.
Molasses, per gal.—		*Tobacco*, per lb.—	
New Orleans	36.a. 37.	Richmond & Petersburg	10.a. 15.
Porto Rico & St. Croix	33.a. 37½	North Carolina	9.a. 14.
Trinidad, Cuba	33.a. 34.	Kentucky	10.a. 16.
English Islands	30.a. 31.	Dadies' Twist	25.a. 30.
Oils, per gal.—		Cavendish	18.a. 45.
Whale	....a. 31.	*Wool*, per lb.—	
Sperm, Fall	1 08.a 1 10.	Am. Sax. fleece	55.a. 60
" Winter	1 18.a 1 19.	Do. full blood Merino	50.a. 55.
Plaister Paris, per ton	3 62½	Superfine, pulled	50.a. 55

Married.

Sept. 17, by Rev E. F. Hatfield, T. V. Mumford to Catharine D., daughter of William C. Brooks, Esq. of Auburn, N. Y.

Sept. 17, by Rev. Mr. Miller, John G. Diamon to Eliza F. Tolerton.

Sept. 17, by Rev. R. K. Rogers, Nathan Rice of Washington City to Eliza White Warren.

Sept. 17, by Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Thomas Nesmith to Maria Antoinette Gale, adopted daughter of J. T. Hudson, Esq.

Philadelphia, at the Church of the Epiphany, by Rev. Dr. Tying, Rev. P. L. Timlow, of Salisbury, Penn., to Miss Josephine Pritchett of the former place.

Rockaway, L. I., Sept. 11, at Trinity Chapel, by Rev. Wm. M. Carmichael, Gideon N. Searing, M. D., of Hempstead, to Susan Amelia, daughter of Mr. George M. Hewlett.—Same place and time, Mr. David Willets of Hempstead to Mary, also daughter of Mr. G. M. Hewlett.

Brooklyn, Sept. 19, by Rev. W. R. Lewis, John T. Allen of New-York to Harriet Smith.—Sept. 10, by Rev. Dr. Cox, Rollin Sanford to Lucy A. Wright.—Sept. 12, by Rev. Evan M. Johnson, Samuel P. Meyers to Elizabeth Smith.—By Rev. S. Ilsley, Ezekiel Baldwin to Emeline Waters.—By the same, Reuben Isdell to Agnes Robinson Creighton.—By the same, Vincent Emmons to Mary Weeks.—Sept. 11, by Rev. C. S. Macreading, William Claiborne of Jersey City to Mrs. Jane McCutcheon.—Sept. 12, in St. Ann's Church, by Rev. Dr. Cutler, Rev. Nathaniel P. Knapp, Rector of Christ's Church, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Clarissa C. Hoyt.

Died.

Sept. 19, Mrs. Clarissa W., wife of Col. Horatio Hill, 28.

Sept. 17, George McKenzie of Jamaica, 28.

Sept. 19, Johanna, widow of the late Thomas Feirty, 46.

Sept. 17, Mrs. Maria Jeffery, a native of Castile, 70.

Sept. 17, of consumption, Frederick Smith Scatcherd, printer, 45.

Sept. 17, Mary, wife of Horatio N. Hinchman, 37.

Sept. 13, of consumption, Thomas Swanny, of Scotland, 51.

Sept. 19, Capt. T. B. Blair, late of ship Lafayette, 31.

Sept. 17, Mrs. Mary Stewart, 80.

Sept. 19, Hiram Dana, 35.

Sept. 17, John Clarkson, late of Edinburgh, Scotland, 70.

Sept. 18, Mary K. Nikoll, 18.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 6, N. Dubois Mount, Esq, a valuable citizen of that place.

Augusta, Geo., Sept. 6, of yellow fever, John Stansfeld, printer.

Agents for The New-Yorker.

New-York.

Albany,	Robert Brown.
Alexander,	W. C. Spaulding.
Auburn,	B. R. Peck.
Augusta,	O. F. Ranney,
Antwerp,	C. B. Hoard, P. M.
Albion,	H. McCurdy, P. M.
Buffalo,	Charles A. Wilson.
Binghamton,	T. Robinson, P. M.
Borodino,	Isaiah Buffington.
Batavia,	J. A. Clarke.
Big Flatts,	L. L. Smith.
Brockport,	Josiah Harrison.
Bovina Centre,	H. Dennis, P. M.
Canandaigua,	W. M. Gibbs.
Canenovia,	J. Kilborn.
Clermont,	W. H. Wilson.
Clyde,	J. & F. Bellamy.
Cairo,	Elder T. Stokes.
Chittenango,	A. Bellamy.
Clayton,	N. B. Johnson.
Cortlandville,	C. Marsh, P. M.
Copenhagen,	H. Davenport.
Clinton,	B. Hickox, P. M.
Canterbury,	S. Townsend
Delhi,	H. Levally.
Dix,	Cornell & Holmes.
E. Bloomfield,	A. Monson.
Enfield,	S. Marsh.
Eaton,	S. Thayer, P. M.
Elmira,	H. S. Brooks.
Florence,	D. G. Dorrance.
Fonda,	J. M. Tubbs.
Fowlersville,	William Frazer.
Fulton,	J. J. Wolcott.
Fort Plain,	P. G. Webster.
Fabius,	George Pettit, P. M.
Geneva,	Bogert & Wynkoop.
Gaines,	D. Gilbert.
Garoga,	T. D. P. Havens.
Goshen,	H. W. Elliot.
Granville,	T. S. Hitt.
Greenwich,	G. Bailey.
Genesco,	Wm. J. Hamilton.
Hilladale,	S. G. Smith.
Homer,	L. Riggs.
Hoosick Falls,	Lyman Wilder.
Horseheads,	S. Conkling, P. M.
Ithaca,	A. B. Clark.
Jamestown,	E. F. Warren.
King's Ferry,	D. Adams.
Little Falls,	E. M. Griffing.
Lysander,	C. C. Hubbard.
Manhasset,	Henry Mott.
Mayville,	H. F. Rumsey.
Middle Island,	B. T. Hutchinson.
Medina,	J. Ingersoll.
Mechanicsville,	L. H. Lawrence.
Mottville,	M. J. Frisbie.
Monticello,	W. E. Cady.
Manlius,	J. J. Hopkins.
Morristown,	J. P. Morgan.
Mid. Granville,	J. M. Bishop.
Newburg,	John Caughey.
New Rochelle,	Samuel Bownes.
New Windsor,	M. N. M'Laughlin.
Newark Valley,	W. B. Burbank.
North Salem,	J. S. Wilson.
North Murray,	G. W. Burbank.
New Hartford,	J. Allen.
Oswego,	O. H. P. Hovey.
Oriskany,	Andrew Scott, jr.
Ovid,	T. M. Bishop.
Palatine Bridge,	Richard Loucks.
Poughkeepsie,	George Nagelle.
Poolville,	E. Colson, jr. P. M.
Pembroke,	T. S. Dodge.
Perry,	W. Hoag.
Preble,	P. H. Burdick.
Palmyra,	M. W. Wilcox.
Pamela 4 cor's.	A. M. Harger.
Penn-Yan,	Thos. H. Locke.
Rushville,	C. Loomis.
Redfield,	R. Drake.
Rochester,	Nichols & Wilson.
Rome,	R. B. Johnson.
South Le Roy,	M. Parsons.
Union College,	Cyrus Smith.
Stockton,	C. Smith.
Seneca Falls,	J. H. Corl.
Sandy Creek,	L. Mallory, P. M.
Sandy Hill,	J. N. Wright.
Saratog. Spr'gs,	W. A. Fonday.
Syracuse,	George J. Gardner.
Trumansburg,	L. D. Branch.
Troy,	Francis Adancourt.
Tivoli,	J. Outwater.
Union Ellery,	O. Benedict, P. M.
Vernon,	O. L. Knox.
Victor,	A. Simons.
Waterville,	M. Babcock, P. M.
Waterloo,	L. P. Knight.
Westfield,	O. Nichols, P. M.
Weathersfield Sp.	T. H. Perkins.
Washington,	J. D. Sarles.
Willink,	O. Allen.
West Cortland,	S. Gleason.
West Mendon,	W. Powell.
Whitestown,	I. C. Baker, P. M.
Yonkers,	L. P. Rose.
York,	A. M. K. Stewart.

New-Jersey.

Boundbrook,	Stephen Vail.
Parsippany,	J. N. Mitchell.
Paterson,	Wm. Van Vleck.

Missouri.

Fulton,	William Haston.
Liberty,	P. H. Barnet.
St. Louis,	Meech & Dinnies.

Maine.

Bangor,	Smith & Penno.
Gardiner,	Wm. Palmer.

Vermont.

Bridport,	D. Miner.
Burlington,	H. J. Raymond.
Brattleboro',	A. Green.
East Poultney,	S. Mears, P. M.
Montpelier,	George P. Walton.
North Bennington,	R. Mattison.
South Hero,	V. Adams.
West Poultney,	G. H. Mallary.

Massachusetts.

Boston,	W. H. & Jordan.
Duxbury,	Seth Sprague, P. M
Framingham,	S. Warren.
Hardwick,	Dr. Joseph Stone.
Hadley,	S. D. Ward.
Haverhill,	Rev. M. C. Smith.
North Adams,	Wm. E. Brayton.
Palmer,	Gamaliel Collins.
Taunton,	C. R. Vickery, P. M
Uxbridge,	P. M. Dudley.
Worcester,	O. Harrington.

Connecticut.

Bristol,	Edward C. Ives
Bridgeport,	R. B. Lacy.
Derby,	D. W. Plumb.
Darien,	L. Hoyt.
Danbury,	Rev. S. C. Balkeley.
Hartford,	Erasmus D. Park.
Middletown,	Abiel Converse.
Norwich,	M. Safford.
Yale College,	W. E. Robinson.
Salisbury,	W. J. Pettee.

Rhode Island.

Newport,	H. Barber.

Pennsylvania.

Chambersburg,	Matthew Smith.
Erie,	A. W. Brewster.
Lumberville,	C. Hartley.
Mauch Chunk,	J. W. Chapman.
Pittsburgh,	J. R. Weldin.
Philadelphia,	John Lees.
Reading,	S. Ritter.
Springville,	S. H. Taylor.
Warren,	Robert Miles.

Delaware.

Wilmington,	W. H. Naff.
Vienna,	H. Keeler, P. M.

Virginia.

Lynchburg,	H. D. Murrel.
Leesburg,	R. G. Saunders.
Parkersburg,	J. M. Steed.
Wellsburg,	T. McCarty, P. M.
Winchester,	Daniel Frost.
Wheeling,	R. J. Garwood

North Carolina.

Fayetteville,	C. W. Everest.
Hillsborough,	Wm. Cain.
Raleigh,	Turner & Hughes
Wilmington,	J. W. Burnwell.

South Carolina.

Edgefield C. H.,	C. A. Meigs.

Georgia.

Athens,	Wm. L. Mitchell.
Augusta,	Isaac S. Beers.
Bainbridge,	E. Harrison.
Macon,	R. Tyner.
Milledgeville,	S. D. Betton.
Wrightsboro'	J. Barnes, P. M.

Alabama.

Selma,	J. Carnett.

Ohio.

Chagrin Falls,	Royal Dewey.
Cleveland,	J. E. James.
Canton,	J. Saxton.
Cincinnati,	Cornelius Tobey.
Fairfield,	I. Strohm.
New Lisbon,	W. D. Ewing.
Norwalk,	J. Buckingham.
New Philad'a,	C. A. Canfield, P. M.
Painesville,	G. E. H. Day.
Perrysburgh,	W. P. Reznor.
Toledo,	C. McKnight.
Venice,	O. McKnight.
Wooster,	W. H. Smith.
Warren,	R. McFarlane.
Waynesville,	J. M. Madden.

Kentucky.

Louisville,	J. L. H. Smith.
Maysville,	Edward Cox.

Louisiana.

New-Orleans,	John F. Curns.

Illinois.

Peoria,	Ralph Hamlin.

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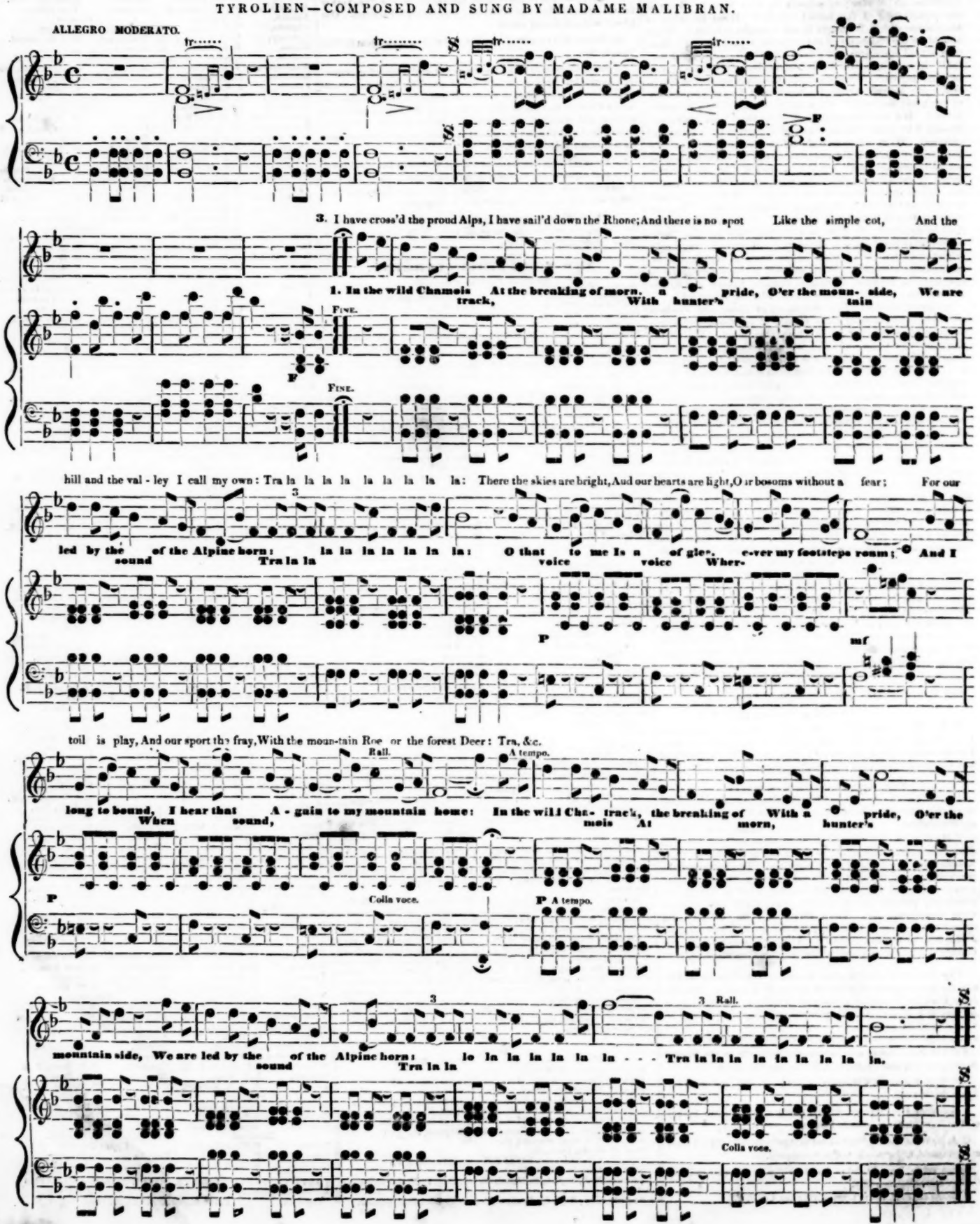
THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN.

TYROLIEN—COMPOSED AND SUNG BY MADAME MALIBRAN.